Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

THE WONDERLAND OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

COOKING TROUT IN A BOILING SPRING.

IT had been for years the dream of my life to see the world-famous Yellowstone Park. It was not until last August that an opportunity occurred for me to make a short visit to this extraordinary wonderland.

The Yellowstone Park embraces an area of fifty-four miles from east to west, and sixty-two miles from north to south. It is thus nearly half the size of the Peninsula of Denmark, about one-third that of Belgium, and a fourth that of Palestine. It is an irregular plateau of from seven thousand to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and contains within its area more remarkable natural phenomena, and more magnificent scenery than any similar area on the face of the earth. It is hemmed in by high and rugged mountains, rising to an altitude of twelve thousand feet.

This wonderland is reached only by the Northern Pacific Railway, whose trains convey one, without a change, from either St. Paul or Portland to Cinnabar, the very gateway to the park. From the Canadian Pacific Railway close connections are made with the Northern Pacific at St. Paul, and Winnipeg, and Seattle.

The new cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, only twelve miles apart, are a revelation of the remarkable growth of the New West. It seems but yesterday that the site of these twin cities was the very frontier of civilization; now they have together a population of nearly four hundred thousand, and their avenues and boulevards are among the most stately and magnificent on the continent. So keen is the rivalry between these cities that the preachers of Minneapolis are said to be reluctant to quote the writings of St. Paul, and the people of the latter retort by contemptuously designating the "Falls of Minnehaha" as the "Falls of Minne-giggle." To the great falls of St. Anthony, once a solitude, is now harnessed the gigantic machinery of the Pillsbury flour mills, which have a capacity of grinding 25,200 barrels of flour per day, enough to freight with wheat and its products twenty trains of twenty cars each.

Leaving St. Paul, the road follows for many miles through Minnesota the picturesque and winding Upper Mississippi, a land of lakes and streams, of blended forest and prairie, a rich agricultural region adapted to mixed farming, stock raising and dairying. The broad

plains waved with golden grain, the shining reaches of the river gleamed with a steel-blue sheen in the light of the setting sun. Before crossing the Red River of the North, a branch road runs northward to Winnipeg, connecting the Prairie Province with the American railway system.

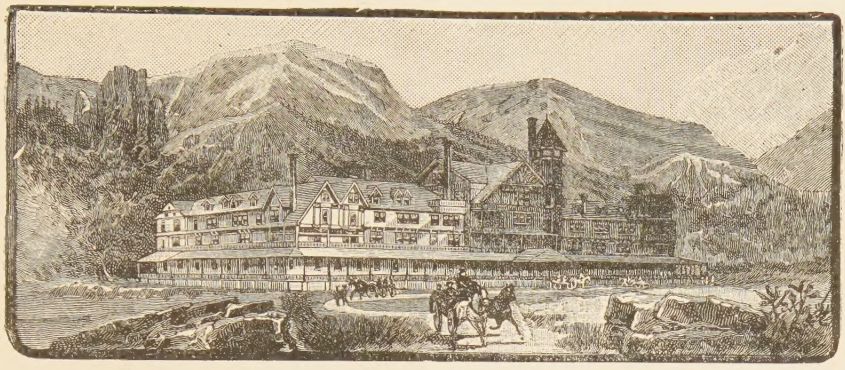
French the "Mauvais-terres," or bad lands—an arid region where no veil of verdure clothes the nakedness of nature. The wind and sand storms have carved the cliffs into fantastic forms of brilliant colours, from glaring white to russet brown, the strange semblance of forts, battlements, and

EMIGRANT PEAK, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Entering North Dakota, one rides for many miles through vast stretches of breezy, billowy prairie, with illimitable pasture, where already numerous flocks and herds are to be seen.

Between the Great and Little Missouri, one reaches the strange weird region designated by the

towers sometimes rising in solitary majesty like the far-seen Sentinel Butte. Back from the railway, however, are said to be timbered streams with grassy valleys, affording excellent pasture and protection for cattle. For three hundred and fifty miles through Montana, the railway follows closely the great curves of the Yellowstone River, its bluish green waters



MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL.

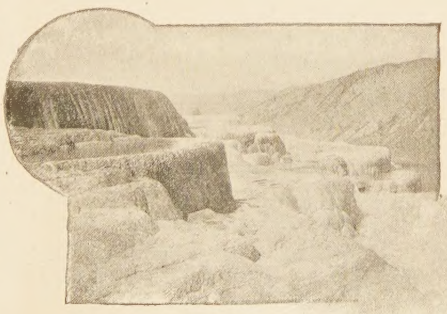
giving life and interest to the landscape. Ringed by cliffs and palisades, ever grim and gray, huge and adamantine, the horizon becomes more broken and serrated, as the Crazy Mountains, outliers of the vast Rockies, the vertebrae of the continent, come in view.

There is small evidence of human industry, save an occasional herdsman's shack or sod house, emphasizing the loneliness of the landscape. At the stations are to be seen great corrals, and at the shipping season hundreds of herds fleck the brown surface of the valley. During 1895, twenty thousand car-loads of cattle, and over twenty million pounds of wool, were shipped from stations in Montana.

This region has been the scene of hard fighting with the redskins. Near the Big Horn, General Custer fought his last battle. With his handful of troops, he was attacked by 3,000 Indians, and with 200 of his officers and men was slain. At Fort Keough, a company of Uncle Sam's troops were seen going through their military drill, galloping like mad over the plain.

At Livingstone, the sleeper for the Yellowstone Park is sidetracked, so that one may enjoy by daylight the magnificent ride to the Park. The valley narrows, the mountains gather closely, and through a narrow canyon, where the Yellowstone rushes through its rocky gorge, winds the road to its terminus at Cinnabar.

The approach to the mountains was very impressive. It gave new meaning to the beautiful imagery of the Bible, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh my help;" "The mountain of the Lord's holiness;" "as the mountains round about Jerusalem," and similar references of Scripture. Like a velvet mantle thrown over the shoulders of some mighty monarch, half concealing his giant thews, were the long, rich slopes of grass, and the ever-present olive-green sage brush. The fringe of alders, and occasional elms bordering the stream, remind one of the



UPPER PULPIT TERRACE.

"trees planted by the rivers of waters, whose leaf also shall not wither."

On the lonely heights, where all other vegetation fails, the sentinel pines climbed in serried ranks, or kept their solitary watch on the battlements of the sky. Evidence of violent volcanic action is seen in the tortured strata, crumpled and crushed, and in the bare and lofty peaks scathed by the lightning and weathered by a thousand storms.

At Cinnabar, huge six-horse

LIBERTY CAP, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

Concord stages are waiting to convey us to the Mammoth Hot Springs, where the circuit of the park really begins. Up and up winds the road, through scenes of ever-growing grandeur, through a wild, cliff-walled canyon, down which, in a succession of cataracts, leaps the Gardiner River.

It was a genuine surprise to find a magnificent, well-equipped hotel, as shown in our cut, with electric lights and electric bells, and all the comforts and elegances of life.

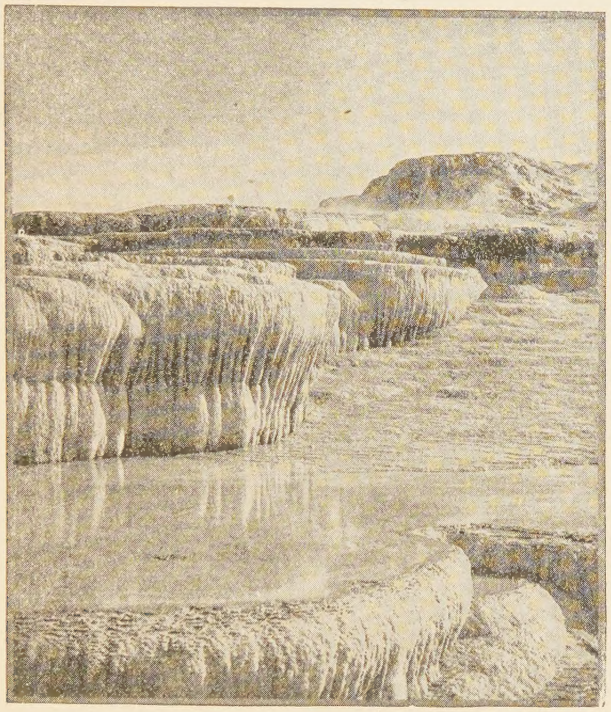
Within five minutes' walk from the hotel begin the brilliantly-coloured escarpment and terraces of the Hot Springs. Our engravings will give a better conception of these than any lengthened description. Even these cannot do justice to the delicate tracery, like lace-work of stone, which forms the outer fringe or border of these boiling springs, whose waters, super-saturated with lime, leave delicate deposits wherever they flow over the shell-like lip of the basin. Some of these deposits look soft as carded wool, others feathery as swansdown, others are firm as Parian marble, and all are exquisitely ornate, like a coral reef. The colours vary from alabaster whiteness, which is the prevailing tint, to varied and delicate shades of pink and orange, canary, green, saffron, chocolate, brown, and red. Like steps in a gigantic stair the terraces rise, from each of which the boiling water gently flows over the edge into that below. In this manner, vast hills covering hundreds of acres have been formed. In the very foreground is the solid mass of "Liberty Cap" and "Giant's Thumb," the one forty-four feet high, the other much less. These were themselves once living springs and centres of brightness and beauty, but are now dead monuments of a long spent force.

It is a ride of about one hundred and fifty miles, in comfortable four or two-horse coaches, through this great upland park to the various places of surpassing interest which it contains. Excellent hotels and dining-rooms furnish all the creature comforts needed for making this unique excursion. Admirable roads have been construct-

ed at great cost, throughout this park. In places great engineering difficulties are overcome with a boldness of construction akin to some of the grandest rock work in Switzerland. The first hour's drive winds over great glacial moraines, giving ever-widening outlooks as we climb. The noble range of mountain culminates in "Electric Peak," 11,155 feet high.

At the "Golden Gate" we thread a narrow canyon between a colossal stone "gatepost" and the cliff, and rattle over a wooden bridge built out on brackets, overhanging a narrow gorge, while far beneath raves and chafes the angry stream.

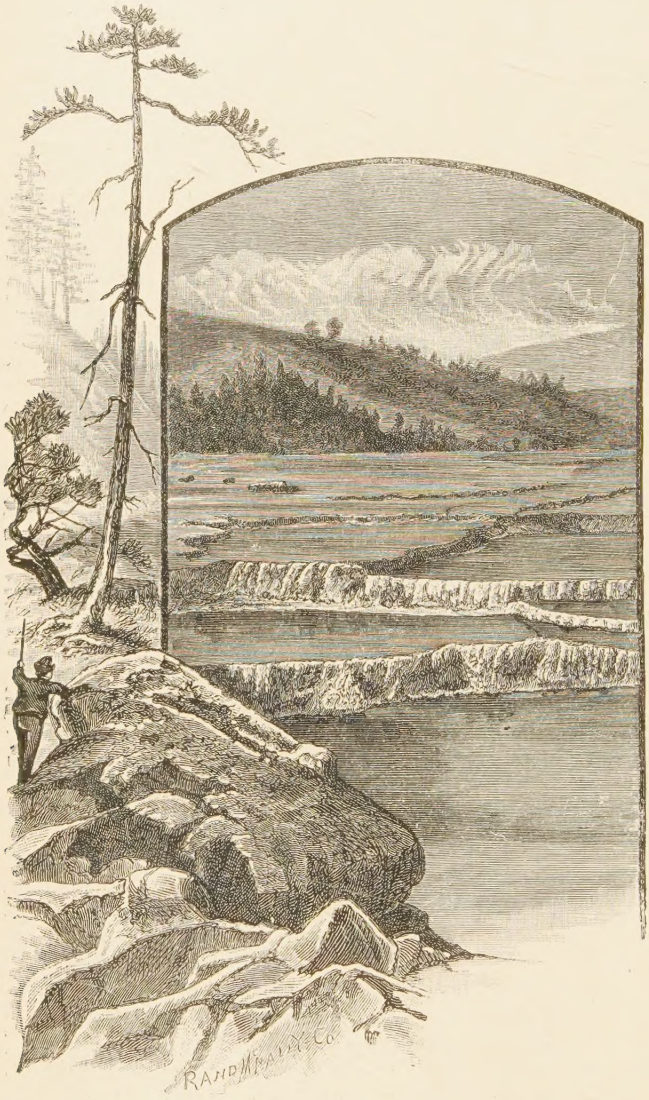
We have climbed over one thousand feet, and now drive for miles across a beautiful plateau covered with thousands of acres of willows, dwarfed by the great altitude to tiny shrubs. Soon Obsidian Cliff is reached, a black and jagged mass of rock, two hundred feet in height, a mineral glass not made by man, but by the volcanic forces of nature. Soon the sulphurous smell in the air and the puffs of steam in the distance indicate that we are approaching the "Geyser" region. At Norris Basin these multiply. A broad valley is covered with the dull gray lime de-



CLEOPATRA TERRACE, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

posits from these springs. In every direction jets of steam or sparkling fountains of boiling water spring into the air, Old Constant and the Minute Man going off about every fifty seconds, and spouting to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The Black Growler is a steam geyser, pure and simple. From an opening of about two feet in diameter, there gushes continually an immense

volume of high pressure steam with a roar like that of a score of locomotives, that can be heard four miles away. The Devil's Inkstand



MINERVA TERRACE.

is a very uncanny, black looking pool, that boils with tremendous violence every fifteen minutes. More majestic still is the Monarch geyser, one of the largest in the park. From great clefts in the rock, it sends up a tremendous volume of the hottest water to a height varying from 100 to 240 feet. It is, however, very fitful in its action, and plays about every three or four days for an hour and a half. Here again, terrace formation occurs, which looks like marble, with most delicate etching and carvings beading its edges.

The Norris Basin is only a foretaste of the more wonderful geysers. At the Lower Basin further on these are multiplied by scores. The road follows the windings of the Gibbon Canyon, at one of the most picturesque points in which the river flings itself over a rocky ledge, veiling with silver lace the sombre cliff over which it flows. From Outlook Terrace a grand view is obtained of the snow-clad Teton mountains, fifty miles away. The vast valley is studded with scores of boiling pools, spouting geysers, and ascending jets of steam. The Great Fountain sends an enormous volume from 75 to 100 feet into the air, at intervals of eight to eleven hours. In its quiescent periods, the waters in its deep-throated funnel lie at rest,

calmly as an infant sleeping. Near by are the so-called Paint Pots, where a pink and rose-coloured mud of a porridge-like substance is continually bubbling and boiling, as if some restless demon were at work in their depths. There are said to be nearly seven hundred hot springs in this basin.

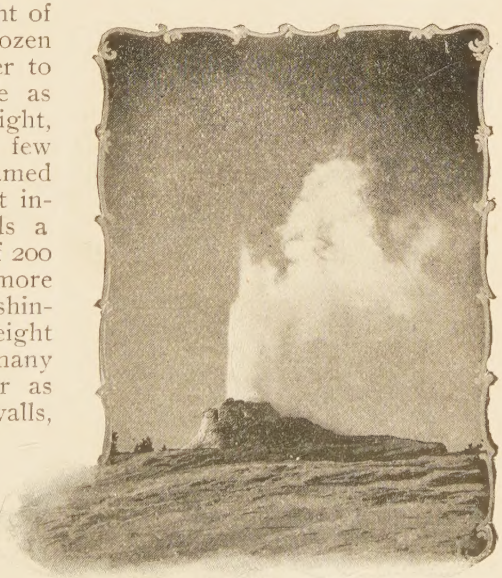
ENTRANCE TO GOLDEN GATE.

At the Upper Basin, the geysers may be seen at their best. In number, in frequency, in variety, and in volume, they surpass all others. The most famous is "Old Faithful." True as a clock, every sixty-five minutes, it tosses its sparkling fountain to the height of 150 feet. There are a dozen which throw steam and water to 100 feet or more, and twice as many that play to a lesser height, some at intervals of every few hours. The Bee-Hive, so named from the shape of its cone, at intervals of thirty hours, sends a mighty fountain to a height of 200 feet. Less frequent, but more sublime, the Giant throws its shining sheaf of fountains to a height of 250 feet in the air. The many pools of sulphur water, clear as crystal, bordered with snowy walls, give a perpetual charm to the valley.

Quaint names are given to the various fountains, as the Giantess, the Lioness and Cubs, Surprise, and Sawmill geysers, the Jewel, the Daisy, the Sapphire, Spitfire, Mugwump, etc. The sparkling scintillations of the water in the sunlight make a scene of the grandest description.

The theory of geyser action is thus explained: "Subterranean caverns, which have long tubes terminating in craters at the surface, act the part of force-pumps, with domes deep down, from which pipes extend upward. These domes are huge steam-boilers, exposed to the intense heat of volcanic fires, and the outlet is the safety valve. As the water rises in the crater, it shows the expansive force of steam being generated away beneath, till at last it lifts and hurls the column into the air. Lightened of its load, the imprisoned steam itself escapes, then the cavern refills, and the manifestations are repeated."

Leaving the geysers, the road winds through aromatic pine forests, and amid beautiful scenery to the lovely Yellowstone Lake, nearly 8,000 feet above the sea, and bordered by mountains, nearly

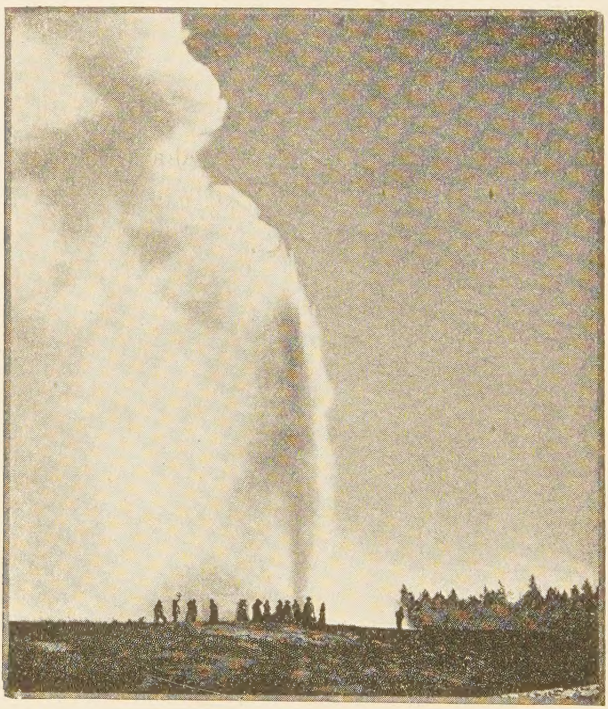


CASTLE GEYSER.

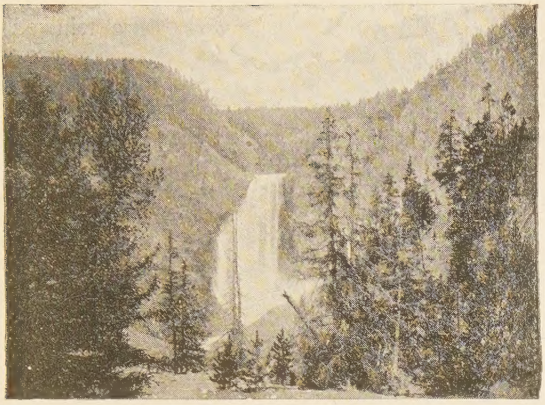
3,000 feet high. The road borders this island-studded lake for several miles, and winds through the lovely park-like Hayden Valley, from whose rich meadows hundreds of tons of hay are gathered, and follows the windings of the Yellowstone River, rushing rapidly to its double fall.

The canyon grows deeper, the cliff-like walls more grand and majestic, and the rush and roar of the river more swift and strong. At the Upper Falls, it makes a leap of 110 feet, and a mile further on, its reckless plunge of 308 feet. Beyond this is the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. This is the culmination of the grandeur of the park. However jaded and sated with its previous wonders the tourist may be, this glorious canyon stirs the profoundest feelings of the soul.

Imagine a narrow cleft, 1,200 feet in depth, with precipitous, and in places perpendicular, walls, rising in pinnacled crags in the semblance of gigantic castles, ramparts, and battlements, all glowing with a symphony of colours, from dazzling white, cream and yellow, pink and crimson, to darkest brown. Far below raves and chafes the angry stream, fretted into snowy foam. At various points, as Grand View, Outlook, and Inspiration Point, platforms are constructed, fairly overhanging the cliff. Here one may look down upon the pinnacles, on which the eagles have built their lonely nests and rear their callow brood. Looking eastward, the deep canyon is flooded with golden light, and glows with all the colours of the rainbow. Looking westward, transparent purple shadows fill the vast chasm, as a beaker is filled with wine.



"OLD FAITHFUL" GEYSER.



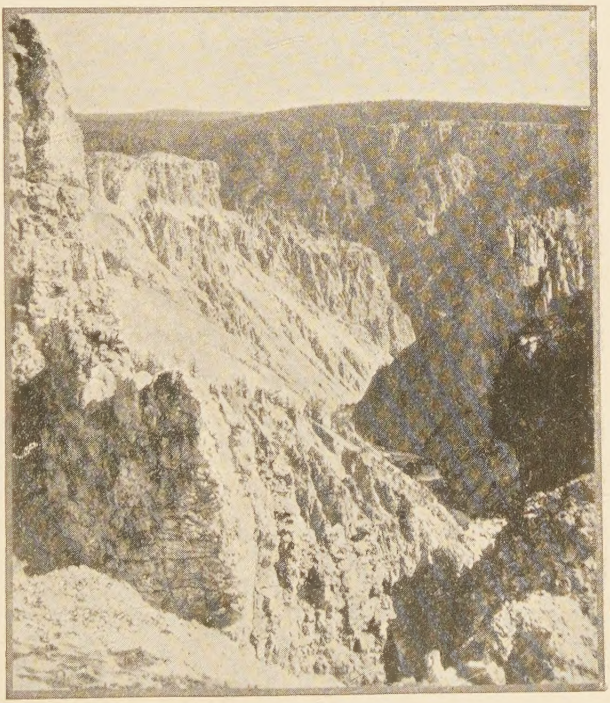
GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

I climbed to a point of view, where I could look down hundreds of feet upon the Great Fall, and then three hundred more into the seething mists of the depth below. There was a strange, weird fascination in the sight, a feeling of almost shuddering awe. It was with reluctance that I tore myself away, but the picture is forever photographed on my brain. There can be no farewell to scenes like these.

In the presence of such a revelation of the might and majesty of the Most High, one cannot but feel as in the very presence of the King of kings, the Lord of lords.

It was a restful change from this exciting scene to climb to the roof of the home-like hotel, perched high on a slope above the canyon, and to watch the sun setting over the majestic scene. Beyond the deep canyon swept a mountain park, studded with some of the noblest pines I ever saw. Fifty miles away rose the peaks of the Three Tetons, melting like translucent pearl into the still more delicate tints of the sky. The purple shadow crept over meadow and mere. The nearer mountains blushed to ruddy crimson at the sun's last kiss, then paled to ashen gray, and spectral white, while all the lower peaks were shrouded in shadow.

In riding through the park, we passed scores of camping parties—farmers, ranchers, hunters, and miners, in the surrounding country, from Montana, Idaho, Wyom-



GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

ing, taking a holiday in their great tilt-covered waggons, and snowy tents, in a temporary reversion to nomad life.

The presence of Uncle Sam's troops to protect the terraces and fountains, their neatly painted barracks, and their trim uniforms, gave life and colour to the scene. About five hundred horses are needed during the summer for the transport of tourists. These are all driven into the sheltered valleys of Montana during the winter.

Although the altitude of the park is so great, the number and variety of wild flowers is surprising. At the very edge of the snow will be found red and white claytonias, and the fragrant blossoms of white and blue violets. Great bunches of blue and pink vetches abound, and like a "weel-kent face" beams the smile of the blue forget-me-not. The universal buttercup is, of course, well in evidence, the familiar larkspur and monkshood, great bunches of blue-bells and hare-bells, and thickets of wild roses fill the air with fragrance. Mountain daisies and dandelions, vast numbers of what look like gigantic marguerites, but are really dwarfed sun-flowers, blue fringed gentians, growing on the very borders of the boiling springs, and the yellow bloom of the golden-rod, gladden the eyes. The mountain hare-bell and wind flowers which I have seen clothing the slopes of the Alps and Apennines, the Lebanons, and the Balkans, swing their censers in the air. The homely yarrow, the queer crimson-tufted "paint brushes," thousands of star-eyed daisies enameling the sward, and many flowers of unfamiliar faces and unknown names, remind us that God is ever good.

> "As if on living creatures
> Where'er mine eyes do fall,
> On blue-bells and on daisies,
> I say, God bless you all."

It is, says Milton, treason against Nature not to seek out and enjoy her grandest and fairest scenes. He to whom is granted a vision of the wonders of the Yellowstone, will ever be loyal to his convictions of their supremacy in majesty and beauty to aught else that he has seen.

THE PATRIOT.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Shall he be called a patriot who takes
  A party's watchword blindly for his own,
  Although his sense of right be overthrown,
And all that high resolve and purpose wakes?
Or shall the name be that man's who forsakes
  The once familiar ranks now recreant grown,
  Indignant that integrity lies prone,
And place is diced for like the gamester's stakes?

Honour to him who, at the crucial hour,
  When issues ominous with ill arise,
    Disdains to be a zealous partisan!
He brings unto the stake its thews of power,
  And stands, as Curtis stood, before all eyes
    A patriot—a noble-statured man.

—*Outlook.*

THE ENGLISH BIBLE: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ITS HISTORY.

BY THE REV. J. COOPER ANTLIFF, M.A., D.D.

Professor of Homiletics, Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

PART OF FIRST CHAPTER OF JOHN'S GOSPEL, IN EARLY ENGLISH MANUSCRIPT.

The ordinary reader of the English Bible little imagines, when he takes up the Holy Book, what a remarkable interest attaches to its history. Great and good men have pondered over its words, to express clearly and fully the meaning of the terms employed by the inspired writers, and in some cases fierce persecution and even martyrdom itself have been endured in carrying out the noble purpose of giving the English people in their mother-tongue the Word of God. To write anything like a complete history of the translations and translators of the English Bible would require a bulky volume; this, however, is a task we cannot attempt, but ours is the humbler endeavour to give a brief account of how we got our Bible in its present form, and we trust our readers may be both interested and instructed by the story.

I. THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND BEFORE WYCLIFFE.

We have no positive knowledge as to who first brought the Holy Scriptures into England, but it is highly probable that some of the Roman soldiers, who garrisoned the country in the early Christian

centuries, had with them some Latin manuscripts of the sacred books. After the Romans left England, A.D. 440, the Anglo-

STATUE OF WYCLIFFE ON LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS.

Saxons took possession, and during their rule, say from A.D. 450 to the Norman Conquest, A.D. 1066, several attempts were made to give the people some portion at least of the Bible in the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

The first of these appears to have been by a Yorkshire cowherd named Caedmon, in the seventh century. This versifier was connected with the abbey at Whitby,

whose president at the time was a noble lady named Hilda. He put into a rude kind of poetry portions of the Scripture, and as it was supposed that he learned his art supernaturally, he was ordained a monk of the abbey. His verses, however, cannot strictly be termed translations.

The first vernacular translations were the lessons, or those portions of the Psalter in use in the churches, which Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, who died A.D. 709, and Guthlac, the first Saxon anchorite, rendered into the Anglo-Saxon language. Shortly after this, the Venerable Bede, whom Edmund Burke called, "The father of English learning," translated a portion of the Gospel according to St. John, and it was while thus engaged that he died. King Alfred (A.D. 849-901) was a lover of the Bible, and he placed at the head of his "Book of Laws" the Ten Commandments. He also rendered into English an abridged version of the twenty-first, twenty-second, and part of the twenty-third chapters of Exodus. It is further said that he began a translation of the Psalms, which, however, was stopped by his death.

About this time were produced the so-called "Glosses." These were Latin manuscripts of the Gospels, which had an interlinear translation above the text. It is supposed that this translation was for the convenience of the priests who did not understand Latin. The two famous "Glosses" are known as the Durham Book, and the Rushworth "Gloss." The former is also known as the Gospels of St. Cuthbert; though twelve hundred years old, it is in perfect preservation, and is a magnificent specimen of penmanship and binding. It is considered one of the most valuable treasures in the British Museum. The Latin text was transcribed by Eadfrith, afterwards Bishop of Lindisfarne, and the "gloss" was added almost two hundred and fifty years afterwards by a priest named Aldred. The Rushworth "Gloss," which also contains the four Gospels, is one of the treasures of the Bodleian library, Oxford.

About the year 1023, Aelfric, who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury, translated the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, parts of the historical books, Esther and Job. Between the Norman invasion and Wycliffe, the language became more like the present English than it was in the Anglo-Saxon period, and consequently there was need for new endeavours to put God's Word into the common people's language. This was met to some degree by a paraphrase of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, which was made by Orme, and named after him "Ormulum," and by another metrical paraphrase of the Old and New Testaments made in the twelfth century, and entitled "Sowlhele" (i.e., soul-health). In the early part of the fourteenth century, William of Shoreham translated the Psalms into English prose, and a few years afterwards Richard Rolle produced another version, of which many copies are still extant. This, however, was a period of great ignorance and spiritual darkness; but the night was ending, and the morning star of the Reformation was appearing in the person of John Wycliffe.

II. FROM JOHN WYCLIFFE TO WILLIAM TYNDALE.

Wycliffe was born in a village near Richmond, Yorkshire, about the year A.D. 1320; and died at Lutterworth in 1384. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, where he was a diligent student. He became successively Steward of Merton, Master of Balliol, and Warden of Canterbury Hall, which college was

afterwards merged into Christ Church College. He was a Reformer before the Reformation, and vigorously attacked several abuses of the Church of Rome. It might have fared ill with him had not John of Gaunt been his friend and defender. He had the good sense to perceive that the Bible in the hands of the common people would be the best means of promoting freedom and true religion; so he set himself to the task of giving the English Bible to his countrymen. His translation, unfortunately, was not from the original languages, but from the version of St. Jerome, known as the Vulgate, so it was a translation of a translation. It is distinguished for its homeliness of style and extreme literalness. Wycliffe was assisted in his good work by Nicholas of Hereford, who translated about half of the Old Testament.

The benefits this good work conferred on the people at large were incalculable, for it was mainly owing to it, under God's blessing, that the religious life of the people was maintained during the century that followed its publication. The Canon of Leicester complained that it was the cause of the spread of scriptural knowledge among the people; and Henry Knighton, who wrote within twenty years of Wycliffe's death, complains in a similar fashion, that "John Wycliffe translated the Gospel into the English tongue, and made it more plain to the laity and to women than it formerly was even to the learned among the clergy, thus throwing the Gospel pearl before swine."

Eight years after Wycliffe's death, his former curate, Richard Purvey, revised the whole translation, and his manuscript is still preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. A convocation at Oxford, presided over by Archbishop Arundel, forbade the reading of the book under heavy pains and penalties; and in the same spirit the Council of Constance, in 1415, ordered that the bones of Wycliffe should be exhumed and burnt. This edict was carried out by Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1428, and the ashes were thrown into the river Swift, which flows by Lutterworth. In spite of this, however, copies of his translation were multiplied in large numbers, as is proved by the fact that there remain at the present time some one hundred and seventy copies of the whole, or part of it, which were mostly written between 1420 and 1450.

But a new friend to Bible reading appeared when the art of printing from movable types was invented. It was in 1471 that printing was introduced into England. There was about this time the great revival of learning in Europe, and it has been freely said that Greek learning arose from the tomb with the New Testament in her hand. There was an Englishman who came under the influence of this new learning, who in God's providence was destined to be held in everlasting remembrance for his noble, self-denying labours in connection with the English Bible. This was William Tyndale, whom Fox calls "The Apostle of England, in these our later days," and who was the patriarch of our authorized version.

III. FROM WILLIAM TYNDALE TO THE PUBLICATION OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Tyndale was born in Gloucestershire, in 1484, just a century after Wycliffe's death, and a year before Luther's birth. He was educated at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in the latter of which he enjoyed the friendship and instruction of the great Dutch scholar, Erasmus, who was perhaps the greatest Greek scholar of the time. On leaving Cambridge,

Tyndale became tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh, at Little Todbury, in Gloucestershire. Sir John was married to a daughter of Sir Robert Poyntz, and, as we shall see shortly, a member of the same Poyntz family befriended Tyndale in his last days.

TYNDALE'S STATUE.

On the Thames Embankment, London.

Tyndale had an earnest, evangelistic spirit, which led him to go to the surrounding villages and also to Bristol, preaching in the open air. As Sir John kept a good table, and also an open house for the clergy of the neighbourhood, Tyndale had frequent opportunities of discussing religious matters with the leading churchmen, who shared the hospitality of the manor-house. It was on one of these occasions that a learned man, with whom he was disputing, said, "We were better without God's law than the Pope's." Tyndale replied, "I defy the Pope, and all his laws," and then he gave utterance to words which show that already he was intending to devote himself to the translation of the Bible. These memorable words were: "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost."

In order to put this purpose into execution, he went to London in 1523, hoping to receive the patronage of Cuthbert Tonstall, then Bishop of London. He took with him as a certificate of his learning a translation he had made of the works of the Greek poet, Isocrates. But he met with a chilly reception at the hands of the ecclesiastic, whose sympathies did not run on the lines of Bible translation.

Fortunately, a worthy London merchant, Humphrey Monmouth, heard of his condition, and invited him to his hospitable home.

After a pleasant sojourn for some months with Monmouth, Tyndale resolved to go to the Continent, where he believed he could better carry out his design of Bible translation. His host, who had formed a very high opinion of him during the months he had spent under his roof, promised him ten pounds a year, equal to about seven hundred dollars of our money, as a fee for his praying for the repose of the souls of the donor's parents. Tyndale accordingly landed in Hamburg in the summer of 1524, and never again set foot on the shores of England. The twelve years that intervened between this and his martyrdom were years devoted to the work to which he consecrated his life. The first fruit of this work was the translation of the New Testament, which was ready for the press in 1525. As Cologne was famous for its printers, he left Hamburg for that city, and put his work into the printers' hands. He found, however, that enemies were at work to injure him; so when the printing had proceeded as far as St. Mark's Gospel, he left Cologne for the city of Worms. Here, in 1526, three thousand copies of an octavo edition were published, and soon afterwards the same number of a quarto edition, in all six thousand copies.

John Cocklaens, a bitter enemy of Tyndale and his work, sent word to Henry VIII., Wolsey, and the Bishop of Rochester, what was being done, so that the English ports might be closely watched to prevent any copies entering England. How determined Tyndale's enemies were may be learned from the fact that of the quarto edition only one mutilated fragment is known to exist. This is in the British Museum, and is considered one of its greatest treasures. Of the octavo edition only two copies are known to be extant, one of which is in the Baptist College, Bristol, and the other in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The smaller edition has simply the text, but the larger one has glosses (marginal notes).

Tyndale, unlike his predecessors in England, translated directly from the Greek, using the text of Erasmus. As the manuscripts used by Erasmus were not so correct as those subsequently used by critical scholars, we need not be surprised that in some places Tyndale's rendering is faulty, but taken as a whole, his translation is of great excellence, and notwithstanding all the care and labour of more recent scholars, it is in the main the New Testament in our hands to-day. Tyndale was conscious that his work was imperfect; so he set himself to revise it, and in the subsequent editions of 1534 and 1536 he corrected many errors.

Earnest endeavours were made to prevent the introduction of the forbidden books into England, and to destroy those which had gained admittance. Tonstall preached at St. Paul's Cross against the hated book, referring to it as the work of many children of iniquity. At the close of his harangue, he threw his copy into the fire that blazed in the church-yard; others followed suit. But opposition was in vain, the very money spent on buying up the book enabled Tyndale to print larger and better editions, so that between 1526 and 1534 from 15,000 to 20,000 copies were distributed in England. In the year 1536 alone, there were no less than seven editions published.

But Tyndale was not content with translating the New Testament into the vernacular, and he therefore set to work on the Old Testament, and in 1530 published

the Pentateuch, which he translated directly from the Hebrew; in the following year the Book of Jonah followed. After this he appears to have rested. In 1534 he went to live at the house of the English merchant adventurers in Antwerp, which was under the care of Thomas Poyntz, to whom we have already referred. In the following year he was betrayed by an English priest named Henry Phillips, to whom he had shown kindness. After his arrest he was confined in the Castle of Vilvorde, eight miles from Brussels. For eighteen months he lay in this comfortless prison, improving the time by translating the Old Testament. His friends tried to obtain his release, but the Emperor Charles V. was relentless, and on October 6th, 1536, after being strangled, his body was burnt at the stake. His dying words were, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes."

Thus ended the noble life of one of England's bravest sons. Though dead, he yet speaks to us in our English Bible, which, though revised several times, is in substance Tyndale's translation. In proof of this we may remark that Bishop Westcott has given the result of his examination of certain books taken as specimens. Amongst other particulars, he estimates that nine-tenths of the first epistle of St. John, as found in the Authorized Version, and about five-sixths of the difficult Epistle to the Ephesians are in the words of Tyndale. It is also noteworthy that in the Revised Version we have restored some of the terms of Tyndale's version that were changed by the translators of King James' version. For instance, "one flock" for "one fold" (John x. 10); "love" for "charity" (1 Cor. xiii.); "in the name" for "at the name" (Phil. ii. 10). Froude has truly said of Tyndale's version, "It is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar."

The year before Tyndale's martyrdom, there was published, by Myles Coverdale, the first complete printed Bible in the English language. In passing we may remark that the first portion of Scripture printed in England was the seven penitential Psalms, by Bishop Fisher in 1505. Myles Coverdale, like Caedmon and Wycliffe, was a Yorkshireman, and was born in 1488, four years after Tyndale. He was educated in an Augustinian monastery in Cambridge, and ordained a priest in 1514. He was of a kindred spirit to Tyndale, and felt disgust with Romish abuses. To be freer for his work he left England for the Continent, but there is uncertainty as to his place of abode. From 1528 to 1535 he was quietly but diligently working at his translation of the Bible, which appears to have been not from the original tongues, but to use his own words, "out of Douche and Latyn." As Henry VIII. had quarrelled with the Pope, when Coverdale issued his Bible in 1535, he dedicated it to the King. The book itself is a folio in black letter, embellished with engravings. The most interesting portion is the Psalms, which in essence is the version found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Anglican Church. Coverdale's Bible was printed on the Continent, but in what city is uncertain. Mr. Demaus, an authority on the history of the English Bible, thinks in Antwerp; but Dr. Moulton thinks the probability is that it was in Zurich.

Myles Coverdale's translation is smoother than Tyndale's, and some of the most familiar phrases in our Bible in common use are from Coverdale. For instance, "My flesh and my heart faileth." "Enter not into judgment with thy servant." "Pride of life."

In Tyndale's version, the original of the latter phrase was rendered, "For pride of goods." There are also some very quaint expressions in Coverdale's version, as, "For there is no more triacle (treacle) in Galaad." (Jer. viii. 22.) "Thou shalt not be afraid for any bugges by night." (Psalm xci. 5.) "We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord." (Psalm cxxix. 8.)

The second and third editions of Coverdale's Bible were published in Southwark; for the Lord High Chancellor—Thomas Cromwell—was Coverdale's friend, and this will also explain the words on their title-pages—"Sett forth with the King's most gracious license." In 1537, there appeared another version known as Matthew's Bible; it is generally believed that "Matthew" was only a pseudonym for John Rogers, who, like his friend Tyndale, won the crown of martyrdom, being the first martyr in the Marian persecution in 1553. We have stated that Tyndale spent the months of his imprisonment in translating the Old Testament Scriptures, and it is related that when on his way to the stake, he handed the gaoler a packet of papers for Rogers, which in all probability contained this work. Rogers' (Matthew's) was a composite work, for the New Testament, Pentateuch and the historical books appear to be Tyndale's, and the poetical and prophetical books are from Coverdale.

In 1537, a layman named Taverner published a revision of Matthew's Bible. Taverner was a good Greek scholar, but his work does not seem to have had much influence upon the revision of the text. He was twice imprisoned for his love of the Bible. He was licensed to preach in the reign of Edward VI., and the following choice bit of rhetoric has been preserved from a sermon he preached at St. Mary's, Oxford: "Arrived at the Mount of St. Mary's, on the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

But to return to Coverdale. His Bible was not entirely satisfactory to his patron, Cromwell, now in the zenith of his power. So it was decided to print an edition in Paris, as the excellence of that city for paper and typography was superior to what England could boast. The license of the French king, Francis I., was secured. But the French clergy interfered, and a mandate from the Inquisition stopped the work. The English ambassador in Paris was Bonner, afterwards the notorious Bishop of London, and he arranged for the presses and printers to be transferred to England, which took place in 1538. So France lost and England gained by this piece of persecution.

In April, 1539, this Bible, commonly known as the Great Bible, was published. It was ordered that a copy of it should be set up in some convenient place within every church, and great crowds flocked to hear it read. Edition followed edition, and as Archbishop Cranmer wrote a preface for the second edition published in 1540, which was afterwards printed with all the editions, it got the name, Cranmer's Bible. Canon Talbot says of Cranmer's Bible of 1540: "This Bible was in fact a revision of Matthew's Bible by Coverdale, and as Matthew's Bible was based upon Tyndale's, thus 'the Great Bible' of 1540 was substantially our hero Tyndale's once proscribed work. The martyr had triumphed. His dearest wish was granted. On the title-page, as having 'overseen' the work, stands the name of Cuthbert, Bishop of Durham. Strange irony! Who was he?

Cuthbert Tonstall who, erewhile Bishop of London, had laboured so hard to destroy what now he was promoting."

Edward the VI., the boy-king, came to the throne in 1547, and during his short reign of six years fifty editions of the Bible were published. On his death, his sister, Queen Mary, discouraged Bible-reading, and Cranmer, the friend of the Bible, suffered martyrdom. During the sad reign of Mary, many eminent Protestant scholars and divines prudently withdrew from England, and as Calvin's influence was paramount in Geneva, making it a Protestant centre, several of them made that city their home. Amongst them were Knox, Coverdale, Gilbey, Sampson, and Whittingham. It was the three last named who were the prime movers in preparing a new version of the English Bible, which was known as the Geneva Bible. In 1557, the New Testament was published, and three years afterwards, when Elizabeth was on the throne of England, the whole Bible. This volume was a portable quarto, and thus differed from its bulky predecessors; and instead of being in black letter, it was in Roman type. It has also the chapters divided into verses; which was an innovation, and added words were printed in italics. It abounded in pithy, evangelical notes, which made it largely self-interpreting, and as a result it became exceedingly popular amongst the common people, not less than one hundred and fifty editions being issued.

It is known to many by the name of the "Breeches" Bible, from its quaint translation of Genesis iii. 16.

As the notes had been prepared under Puritan influences, the churchly party in England decided to issue an edition with notes more to their taste. This led to the revision of Cranmer's Bible by a committee of learned men, who were chiefly bishops, under the supervision of Archbishop Parker. This version took three or four years in preparation, and was published in October, 1568, and is known as the Bishops' Bible. This version was placed in the churches, and became the Bible of public use, but in the homes of the people the Geneva Bible continued the favourite.

The Roman Catholic Church was also stirred to adopt some method to counteract the influence of the English Bible, which in their notes exposed the errors of the Romish Church; so a company of Englishmen residing in the Roman Catholic College at Rheims, in France, published an edition of the New Testament in 1582; and in 1608-10 a Roman Catholic version of the whole Bible was published by the same authorities at Douai, to which city their college in the meantime had been removed. This version is taken from the Vulgate; the style is stilted, and many unusual words are found, which the ordinary reader would require to be explained; for instance, "Azymes," for "sweet (i.e., unleavened) bread," "Pascha," for "Passover," "Parascene," for "the Sabbath eve," and where we read in our Bible, "He humbled himself," this version says, "He exinanited himself." We must, however, state that in our Authorized Version we have some familiar expressions which we owe to the Roman Catholic version; as, to give a single illustration, in Romans iii. 25, we have the appropriate word "propitiation," which in Tyndale's version reads, "a mercy-seat."

IV. FROM THE AUTHORIZED VERSION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

When King James succeeded Queen Elizabeth in 1603, he found two Bibles in common use in Eng-

land—the Geneva and the Bishops', neither of which were generally satisfactory. At a conference held in January, 1604, at Hampton Court, to discuss ecclesiastical matters, it was proposed by Dr. Reynolds that a new version be prepared. This the king regarded favourably, and fifty-four translators were appointed for the work. It appears, however, that for some reason the work was actually performed by forty-seven divines. After bestowing great care on their work, which occupied about three years, they published their version in 1611. In our modern editions the fulsome and offensive dedication to King James is unfortunately retained, while the beautiful and scholarly address of the translators to the reader, prepared by Dr. Miles Smith, is unhappily left out. We strongly advise our readers, if they come across a copy of an old edition (one of which is in the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal), to give it a careful reading.

Though this version is called the Authorized Version, singular to say, we have no proof that it was ever sanctioned by king or council. By its intrinsic merits it has won its way into public favour. Through the 285 years of its existence, it has quietly been undergoing numerous changes in spelling, and other minor particulars. This will be at once apparent, if a modern copy is compared with an old one. Principal Lee's memorial volume of the Bible Societies in Scotland, published in 1824, indicates some thousands of changes. As examples, we may mention "since" for "sith," "impossible" for "unpossible," and in Luke xxiii. 32, the Authorized Version as first published read: "And there were two other malefactours," etc., whereas we now read, "And there were also two others, malefactors," etc. This version has a warm place, and deservedly so, in the affections of the English people, for they owe much, even from a literary standpoint, to its simple and terse style, and to its pure, Saxon language. As an English classic it is without a peer.

We need scarcely refer in concluding this article to the revision of 1880-84, which, though it has not gained the place in popular favour its friends anticipated, yet puts the ordinary reader in a position almost equal to the Hebrew and Greek scholar in reading the sacred volume, as to understanding what was actually written by the inspired penmen.

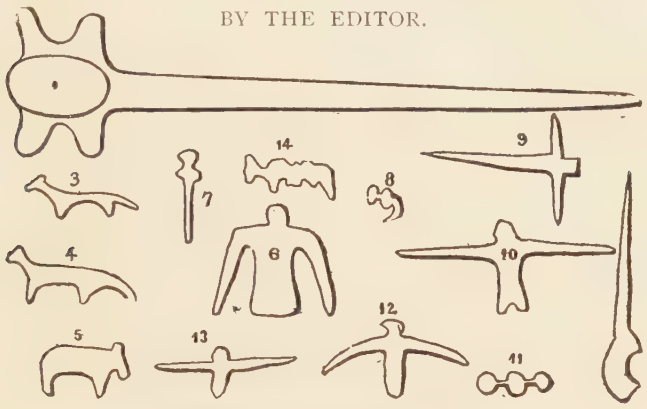
As we look at our English Bible after this brief survey of its history, we have cause to thank God for the lives and works of the blessed dead, who have made it possible for us to read the wonderful works of God, "in our own language, wherein we were born."

"Be still before the Lord" and "wait" His will;
Eye hath not seen nor ever ear hath heard
The things prepared of Him for those who wait.
If on this earth He paints for us such skies,
And gilds with liquid gold the crested waves;
If here such music sweet salutes our ears;
Such perfumes rise about us—silent falls
The pen before the thought of what for us
He keeps in that Far Land. Well may we "wait."

—*Amy Parkinson.*

THE MOUND-BUILDERS AND CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY THE EDITOR.



ANIMAL MOUNDS IN WISCONSIN.

1, Turtle mound, 306 feet long, 6 feet high; 7 and 8, lizard mounds, 8 with curved tail; 9, cruciform figure, 209 feet long, 72 feet wide; 3 and 4, fox figures; 5, bear; 14, buffalo; 12, 13, 10, and 6, bird-like forms.

All over the North American continent, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, are found the remains of an extinct and pre-historic people. These remains consist for the most part of earthen mounds, often of vast extent and almost countless numbers. Hence their unknown creators are called the mound-builders.

These strange structures may be divided into two classes: enclosures and mounds proper. The chief purpose of the enclosures seems to have been for defence—the formation, as it were, of a fortified camp. They were sometimes of great size, covering many hundreds of acres. They were surrounded by parapets of earth, in the form of circles, octagons, or similar figures. They were evidently designed for protection against an intrusive race, and formed a line of forts from the Alleghanies to the Ohio.

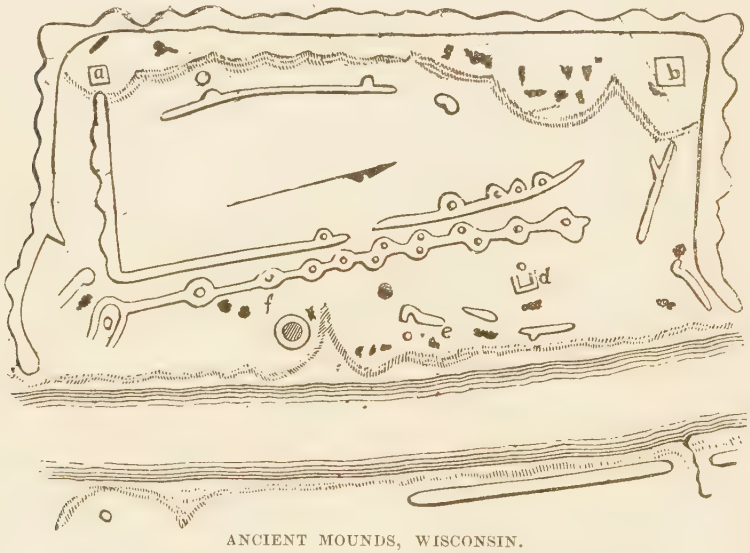
Another striking form of enclosure is that designated animal mounds. These are outlines in earthwork, in low relief, of sacred animals—probably the totems of different tribes, as the turtle, lizard, serpent, alligator, eagle, buffalo, and the like. They are especially numerous in the valley of the Wisconsin. The "Great Serpent" of Adams county, Ohio, is over a thousand feet long, and the "Alligator" of Licking county, is two hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet broad.

The mounds proper are of much less extent, but of greater elevation. Some, there is reason to believe, from the presence of charred bones, charcoal, trinkets, etc., were used as altars for the burning of sacrifice, and perhaps for the offering of human victims. Others are known as temple mounds. These were chiefly truncated pyramids, with graded approaches to their tops, which are always level, and are sometimes fifty feet in height.

In Mexico and Central America this class is represented by vast structures, faced with flights of steps and surrounded by temples of stone.

More numerous than any are the sepulchral mounds. They always contain the remains of one or more bodies, accompanied by trinkets, cups, and vases, probably once containing food provided by loving hands for the departed spirit faring forth, as was fondly believed, on its unknown journey to the happy hunting-grounds beyond the sky. The size of these is generally inconsiderable; but they sometimes attain great magnitude; in which case they probably cover the remains of some distinguished chief. One of these, known as Grave Creek Mound, in Virginia, is seventy feet in height and nine hundred feet in circumference. Sometimes earthen vessels are found, containing charred human remains, indicating the practice of cremation among the mound-builders.

But there are other evidences of the comparatively high state of civilization of those remarkable people. There are numerous remains of their art and manufactures. Among these are flint arrow-heads and axes, pestles and mortars for grinding corn, and pipes, frequently elaborately carved with considerable artistic skill. These last often occur in the form of animal or human figures, sometimes exhibiting much grotesque humour, and frequently executed in very intractable material.



ANCIENT MOUNDS, WISCONSIN.

Length, 1,419 feet; width, 7,000 feet; a, b, c, and d, pyramid-shaped figures; e and f, deep depressions.

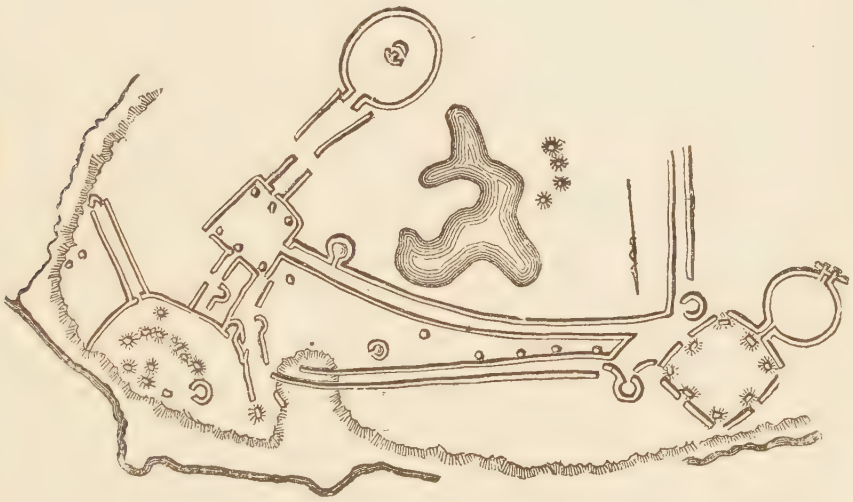
Remains of closely woven textile fabrics have also been found, together with implements used in the spinning of the thread and manufacture of the cloth. The pottery and other wares of the mound-builders exhibit graceful forms, elegant ornamentation, and much skill in manufacture. On some of these the human face and form are delineated with much fidelity and grace, and the features differ widely from those of the present race of Indians. Copper im-

plements, the work of this strange people, are also found in considerable quantities. Among these are knives, chisels, axes, spear and arrow-heads, bracelets, and personal ornaments. Many of these implements exhibit on their surface the unmistakable traces of the moulds in which they were cast, showing that their manufacturers understood the art of reducing, or at least of fusing, metals.

But the most striking proof of the mechanical skill of the mound-builders is their extensive mining operations on the south shore of Lake Superior. Here are a series of mines and drifts, sometimes fifty feet deep, extending for many miles along the shore at Ontonagon and at Isle Royal, off the north shore. In one of these was found, at the depth of eighteen feet, resting on oaken sleepers, a mass of native copper weighing over six tons, which had been raised five feet from its original bed; numerous props, levers, ladders, and shovels, employed in mining operations, were also found.

These old mines had become extinct long before the discovery of America, for the present race of Indians had no knowledge of copper when first visited by white men; and trees, whose concentric rings indicated an age of four hundred years, have been found growing upon the accumulated rubbish that filled the shafts.

The commerce of the mound-builders was also quite extensive. Copper from these northern mines is found widely distributed through eighteen degrees of latitude from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. Iron was also brought from Missouri, mica from North Carolina, and obsidian from Mexico.



ANCIENT MOUNDS NEAR NEWARK, OHIO, COVERING TWO SQUARE MILES.

An examination of the skulls of those pre-historic people, scattered over a wide area, indicates, together with other evidences, that they were a mild, unwarlike race, contented to toil like the Egyptian serfs in the vast and profitless labours of mound-building.

Agriculture must have received among them a high degree of development in order to the maintenance of the populous communities by which the huge mounds were constructed. Their

principal food was probably maize, the most prolific cereal in the world.

The question, "Who were the mound-builders?" only involves the inquirer in the mazes of conjecture. They seem to have been of the same race with the ancient people of Mexico, Central America and Peru. They probably came, by way of Behring's Strait, from the great Central Asiatic plateau, which has been through the ages the fruitful birth-place of nations. As they advanced towards the tropical and equatorial regions of the continent, they seem to have developed the civilization which met the astonished eyes of Cortez and Pizarro. Successive waves of Asiatic emigration of a fierce and barbarous race apparently expelled them from the Mississippi Valley and drove them south of the Rio Grande. Probably little will ever be known of their history unless some new Champollion shall arise to decipher the strange hieroglyphics which cover the tablets of the ruined cities of Yucatan and Guatemala.

The most complete and exhaustive book on this subject is "The Mound-Builders: Their Work and Relics," by the Rev. Stephen D. Peet, Ph.D., editor of The American Antiquarian. It is a thorough study of this interesting and important subject, the result of twelve or fourteen years' work. It describes the burial mounds and sacred inclosures of these interesting people, their village life, defensive works, migrations and religious sentiment as expressed in their remarkable structures. The learned author discerns different kinds of religion, manifest among the mound-builders. Animal worship and serpent worship, indicated by the effigies of the mounds; fire worship, as shown by cremation mounds; the moon cult, of which traces are found in crescent shaped walls and altars; the water cult, indicated by walls and parallel walls connected with the water-courses; and sun worship, evidenced by oriented pyramids, sun circles and graded ways and sun symbols, ornaments and shell gorgets of the natives. The whole subject is treated with full detail in a very interesting and instructive manner, and is illustrated by two hundred and thirty-five cuts, and several full-page maps.

It has been supposed that no traces of the mound-builders existed in Canada, but what may prove an extremely valuable discovery or identification has just been made in the township of Otonabee by Mr. D. Boyle, the accomplished Canadian archaeologist. His examination of embankments or mounds on De Zang's or Roach's Point, have resulted in establishing that these form the combination of serpent and egg emblems of great antiquity in Europe and Asia as well as in America. These Otonabee earth structures are upwards of two hundred and fifty feet in length, the head of the serpent or snake pointing due east.

No similar structure is known to exist elsewhere in the Dominion, and very great interest attaches to Mr. Boyle's identification. The embankments have been regarded hitherto as entrenchments, but the fact that they are of the serpent and egg arrangement would seem to connect them with some sort of semi-worship or superstitious ceremonial observances.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

Akin to the mound-builders were the cliff-dwellers of Arizona and the neighbouring States.

In the south-western portion of the United States territories, beyond the Rio Grande River, is a vast plateau stretching to the base of the Sierra Nevadas. Various large streams have cut long can-

yons through the nearly horizontal strata, in places to a depth of six or seven thousand feet. In the greater part of this region there is little moisture apart from those streams, and, as a consequence, vegetation is very sparse, and the general aspect of the country is that of a semi-desert. Yet there is abundant evidence that at one time it supported a numerous

CAVE-DWELLINGS.

population. "There is scarcely a square mile of the six thousand examined," writes Professor W. H. Holmes, "that does not furnish evidence of previous occupation by a race totally distinct from the nomadic savages who now hold it, and in many ways superior to them."

The ruins are almost exclusively stone structures. Brick or wood seldoms occurs. They may be classed as to situation as follows: First, lowland or agricultural dwellings; second, cave-dwellings; and third, cliff-houses, or fortresses.

Those of the first class are chiefly on the river-bottoms of the fertile lands near the water, without reference to defence. The second class are excavations in the faces of the low bluffs, and are chosen chiefly for concealment and security. Those of the third class are built high up in steep and inaccessible cliffs, and are evidently places of refuge and strongholds for defence. During seasons of war and invasion, families were probably sent to them for security, while the warriors went forth to battle; "that when the hour of total defeat had come they might serve as a last resort for a disheartened and desperate people."

In some cases the ruins give

evidence of the well-built and solid walls of a fortress, which must have possessed considerable strength. The cave-dwellings are made by digging irregular cavities in the faces of bluffs and cliffs of friable rock, and then walling up the fronts, leaving only small doorways and an occasional small window. The cliff houses are of firm, neat masonry, and the manner in which they are attached or connected to the cliffs is simply marvellous. They conform in shape to the floor or roof of the niche or shelf on which they are built, which has been worn away by the natural erosion of the elements. Their construction has cost a great deal of labour, the stones and mortar having been brought for hundreds of feet up the most precipitous places. In many places the larger mortar seams have been chinked with bits of pottery and sandstone. The marks of the mason's pick are as fresh as if made within a few years, and the fine hard mud mortar, which has been applied with the bare hands, still retain impressions of the minute markings of the skin of the fingers.

CLIFF-DWELLINGS, COLORADO.

In some cases the houses are cleverly hidden away in the dark recesses, and so very like the surrounding cliffs in colour, says their explorer, that he had almost completed the sketch of the upper house before the lower one was detected. They are at least eight hundred feet above the river.

On the face of the smooth and almost perpendicular cliff a sort of stairway, of small niches in the rock, had been cut. An enemy would have but small chance of reaching and entering such a fortress if defended even by women and children. There is evidence that a trickling stream of water supplied the inhabitants with this vital necessity. A large cave town occurs in a great ledge or bench of an encircling line of cliffs. The total length of the solidly built portion is eight hundred and forty-five feet. It contains about seventy-five distinct rooms, probably distinct dwellings.

Among the debris of the houses are large quantities of pottery—some of very elegant shape, and ornamented with very handsome designs; some will hold as much as ten gallons. The makers evidently had a considerable imitative ability and sense of grotesque humour, as many of their wares were capital representations of fowl and the like, often with a very comic look. Specimens of woven fabric and little images, probably for idolatrous use, occur. Hieroglyphic or picture writing is also

found engraved in the rock, or painted with red and white pigments. A number of well-shaped skulls have also been found.

Who were the cliff-dwellers and what was their fate? is a question of great interest.

In the plains of Arizona and New Mexico are numerous Pueblo villages, numbering about seven thousand inhabitants, who are considered to be the descendants of the cliff-dwellers. They dwell in large communities—from three hundred to seven hundred souls—in one huge structure. This structure consists of a hollow square, surrounded on three sides with buildings of adobe, or mud brick, in two or three receding stories. These Pueblo Indians exhibit about the same grade of civilization as the cliff-dwellers, and it is conjectured that the latter retired southward some time since the Spanish occupation of Central America, either on account of the hostile pressure of fiercer tribes from the north, or from the failure of the means of sustenance through the drying up of the streams.

Sir Daniel Wilson expressed the opinion, founded largely on the evidence of language and architectural remains, that the earliest current of new world population "spread through the islands of the Pacific and reached the South American continent long before an excess of Asiatic population had diffused itself into its own inhospitable steppes."—(Pre-Historic Man, pp. 604-605.) He also thought that another wave of population reached Central America and Brazil by the Canaries and Antilles, and that then the intrusive race, from which our Indians have sprung, arrived by way of Behring's Strait, driving the mound-builders before them.

ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

One hour with Thee, my God, when daylight breaks
Over a world Thy guardian care has kept;
When the fresh soul from soothing slumber wakes
To praise the love that watched me while I slept;
When with new strength my blood is bounding free,
The first, best, sweetest hour I'll give to Thee.

One hour with Thee, when busy day begins
Her never-ceasing round of bustling care;
When I must meet with toil and pain and sins,
And through them all Thy holy cross must bear,
Oh, then to arm me for the strife—to be
Faithful to death, I'll kneel one hour with Thee.

One hour with Thee, when saddened twilight flings
Her soothing charms o'er lawn and vale and grove,
When there breathes up from all created things
The sweet enthralling sense of Thy deep love;
And when its softening power descends on me,
My swelling heart shall spend one hour with Thee.

One hour with Thee, my God, when softly night
Climbs the high heaven with solemn step and slow,
When Thy sweet stars, unutterably bright,
Are telling forth Thy praise to men below;
Oh, then, while far from earth my thoughts do flee,
I'll spend in prayer one peaceful hour with Thee.

NEEDED PRISON REFORMS.

*MEMORANDUM OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED ON BEHALF OF THE PRISONERS' AID ASSOCIATION.**

BY THE HON. S. H. BLAKE, Q.C.

No doubt much of the harm that is done and of the good that is left undone in connection with our prisoners is owing to want of thought. The Prophet Isaiah, in dealing with the people of Israel, remonstrates with them in these words (Isa. i. 3): "My people doth not consider." A strong denunciation is presented in Proverbs xxiv. 11, 12: "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it; and he that keepeth thy soul, doth he not know it, and shall he not render to every man according to his works?"

How much of the harm wrought is by want of thought! Is it not startling to consider the way in which our Lord and Master presents this? At the last supreme moment, as they are gathered on the right and on the left (Matt. xxv. 34, 46)—"The King shall say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them,—Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand,—Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels; for I was in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying,—Lord, when saw we thee in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying,—Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

How many are entitled to God's blessing under this test given by our Saviour of those now in this church? How many are subject to the condemnation, not for any active sin or wrong, but simply for the omitting the duty of looking after, tending, and visiting the prisoner? This is a command to be observed by us,—(a) because it is required by the law of God; (b) because it is in the interest of the State. How painful it is to look back to the old plan, where men and women were huddled together like beasts. At times chained down in filth and misery, their food thrown to them as if they were dogs, and nothing for them mentally to feed upon but the fierce spirit of vengeance, which incited them to acts of violence and to the life of a criminal the moment the prison doors were opened for their release. There was no kindly reformatory principle; there was nothing presented to deter from crime.

That the question of the best method of dealing with our prisoners is one of large interest to us is shown at once by the fact that last year in Ontario there were 9,500

* An address given at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

commitments for crime and 6,000 convictions. If we had had 6,000 cases of smallpox or of cholera, how there would have been aroused from one end of the province to the other an intense feeling of the absolute necessity of at once ending such a state of affairs, and yet the contamination from the crime is much worse in its results than that from the disease.

It must be borne in mind that, in dealing with this question, there are two main factors,—(a) the deterrent influence to those outside; (b) the reformatory influence on those inside.

Now, take the daily farce going on at our Police Court. The constant sending down of law-breakers to a place which is not infrequently called the Criminal Club, where the culprits are reasonably well fed, well housed, and which is made the rendezvous where the criminal class is glad to meet and discuss all matters of general interest to their profession.

How completely would this cease to be such club if the two foundation principles, now admitted on all hands as guides in prison work, were introduced,—(a) separation; (b) work. It must be remembered, when we are dealing with the question of separation, that it does not mean solitary confinement. The separation consists in being separated from contamination and being separated from the power of contaminating.

How this process of contamination hardens! Take the daily illustration of the first offence. A culprit sentenced to prison, often a mere child, miserable, wretched, in tears, ashamed, sits down, apart by himself. He gets wearied of this, gradually draws near, and soon becomes a companion with the others, and thus enters, placed there by the State, a first-class school of vice. This is the act of the State for some offence, probably not more venal than breaking a pane of glass, or stealing a few apples. This child, as a matter of common decency, should have been placed directly in a separate cell, to be visited only by the officers, a chaplain, a Christian instructor, supplied with some literature, given work, but kept absolutely apart from all contamination.

If idleness be an evil outside the gaol, it is a much increased evil inside of it. Work should be given to each. It should be constant. There should be an incentive in the shape of a reward for work well done. The same principles that act as a stimulus outside should be introduced inside the gaol. Good marks, badges, the laying aside of a sum of money for the benefit of the prisoner on his release, and the beginning of winning men and women back to citizenship.

By the principle of separation, the hardened criminal, the incorrigible, the man who is determined to continue in a course of crime when he gets his release, and who in the meantime is determined to instruct others in the way of vice, is restrained from such action.

In connection with the position of incorrigibles, it seems now to be generally admitted that the sentence on a hardened criminal should be indeterminate. He should thus be kept away from preying on society until he gives assurance that he will cease to do so. There is no doubt that there is much difficulty in working out satisfactorily this question, but the difficulties connected with it should not prevent an honest attempt being made to endeavour to work upon these lines.

In this respect we may well say, —Give the prisoners a chance. Do not let us, by keeping them together, give the worst the opportunity of educating others up to the highest standard of crime.

They have nothing else to do. They love this work, and thus our prisons are made splendid educational establishments with the best of bad masters to educate in vice.

A work of great importance in connection with prisoners has had a very considerable impetus by the admirable "Act" of the Honourable Mr. Gibson; that is,—the rescue work amongst our children. It is a wealthy community indeed that can afford to let the children become criminals. One child entering the criminal class represents in the watching, the catching, the trial, the keeping in prison house or gaol, and, when dismissed, going over the same work again, an expenditure that would pay many times over for the taking hold of that child, keeping him from contamination, and putting him in the way of becoming an honest citizen. Last year's report of the Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children of Ontario, is one of the most instructive and interesting papers that can be read. Possibly, the most beautiful work of art that the world furnishes today is the faithful photograph showing the poor little waif, the victim of the vice, dissipation, and misery of its parents, on the one side; and, then, on the other, the joyous, happy, metamorphosed child which is being moulded for good citizenship, under the kindly suggestions and kindly dealings of those that the State now sets to watch them.

Most of you may know that there are twenty-nine societies in Ontario under this Act doing a large and effective work. During the last year 834 cases were looked into; 186 obtained foster homes. A pleasing incident was the language in which a kind heart approached the little band of children seeking a new home, as she said: "I do not want a strong, healthy child, but I want a poor little sick one, to win it back to strength and happiness." The experience is that oftentimes among these little waifs, you get the best of stuff out of which to make our men and women.

It is most desirable that at the Toronto gaol this work of separation should be begun. In the metropolis of the first province of the Dominion there should be nothing lacking in this respect. All our public offices should be models for the rest of the land to learn from. A sum of $3,500 would answer for this test. The cost of many a prisoner from his twentieth to his fiftieth year has exceeded this sum. I feel but little doubt that, in thus diminishing the number of prisoners to be arrested, tried, and kept in the gaol, in five years the whole of the extra cost would be saved.

It is a matter of great thankfulness to the Association that our judges lend us much assistance in our work. The following language of the Honourable Mr. Justice Rose is well worth your consideration:

"Young men are often convicted of offences which do not really show moral guilt. In the gaol they consort with hardened criminals, and so are educated in crime. If the degenerated and vicious were to meet to devise a scheme for the propagation of crime, they could adopt no system to serve their purpose more fully than the present gaol system."

A most admirable address, delivered under the auspices of the National Prison Association, by Dr. Meredith, who, as Inspector of Prisons, knew whereof he was speaking, is well worth reading. From it I venture to take the following extracts, which give in much better form than I could the result of the world-wide experience collected in that valuable address:

"The Prison Association of New

York, in describing the county gaols of the Empire State, says: 'If an institution should be established in every county of the State, with the inscription on the door, "vice and crime taught here," and the processes within corresponded to the announcement without, this committee is impressed with the conviction that the work of manufacturing criminals could hardly be done more effectually than it is by our gaol system.'"

Dr. Wines reminds us that "De Tocqueville, half a century ago, pronounced our county gaols 'the worst prisons he had ever seen,'" and, he adds, "there has been little marked improvement since. The system is wasteful of time, wasteful of opportunity, wasteful of money, and it does not reform."

And he further says: "The condemnation of the system may be pronounced in a single sentence. It is an absurd attempt to cure crime, the offspring of idleness, by making idleness compulsory, and to teach virtue, the fruit of careful and painstaking moral culture, by enforced association with those who scoff at virtue, duty, and religion."

The Board of State Charities for Ohio has in equally strong language denounced the county gaols of that State: "It is a startling, a terrible proposition, sustained by the report, that Ohio is to-day supporting at public expense as base seminaries of vice as are to be found in any civilized community."

A witty canon of St. Paul's Cathedral thus describes the gaols of England:

"There are in every county in England large public schools, maintained at the expense of the county, for the encouragement of profligacy and vice, and for providing a proper succession of housebreakers, profligates, and thieves. They are schools, too, conducted without the smallest degree of partiality and favour, there being no man (however mean his birth or obscure his situation), who may not easily procure admission to them. The moment any young person evinces the slightest propensity for these pursuits, he is provided with good clothing and lodging, and put to his studies under the most accomplished thieves and cut-throats the county can supply. There is, to be sure, not a formal arrangement of lectures, after the manner of our universities, but the petty larcenous stripling, being left destitute of every species of employment, and locked up with accomplished villains as idle as himself, listens to their pleasant narration of successful crimes, and pants for the hour of freedom, that he may begin the same bold and interesting career."

An established maxim in ethics is: "That indiscriminate association of prisoners in common gaols necessarily involves the corruption and contamination of all the prisoners who are capable of being made worse."

For nearly fifty years, there has been an almost universal consensus of opinion among prison reformers as to the necessity of the rigid enforcement of the separate system, as it is called, in all common gaols. In England it was, so far back as 1835, strongly recommended by a select committee of the House of Lords. Again, in 1837, it was powerfully advocated in his report by the Inspector of Prisons; again, in 1847, by a select committee of the House of Lords; and still again, in 1850, by a select committee of the House of Commons.

In 1865, copies of the "Report and Evidence of the Committee of the House of Lords," were transmitted to the then Governor-General of Canada by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, accompanied by an exhaustive circular despatch, in order, as the despatch

explained, "that the colony should have the benefit of the experience of the mother country, and of the eminent men who had made that experience their study, for the purpose of effecting any amendments which may be needed in the prisons and system of prison discipline in use in Canada."

In urging the adoption of the separate system in Canada, they add: "You will bear in mind that no ordinary difficulties, nor indeed any difficulties, should be allowed to stand in the way of the establishment of the system."

The Inspector of Prisons in the southern district of England, in 1882, referring to the then recent introduction of the separate system into certain of the prisons in England, speaks of the growing conviction of the advantages which have attended the adoption of separate confinement, and adds that the number of commitments to the prisons altered (so as to make them suitable for the separate system) rapidly decreased, and that in many gaols it had been reduced to one-half of what it had been ten years before.

At the International Prison Congress, held in London in 1872, the only countries that declared themselves satisfied with their prison systems were Belgium, Germany, and Russia, these being the only countries which had adopted the cellular or separate system; and these three countries, in their official answers to the questions submitted to them, stated that they were satisfied with their prison system so far as it was cellular or separate, and no farther. The Prussian Government, in particular, while speaking in high terms of praise of the general organization of their prisons, added that there was one thing yet lacking. "We need the application of cellular (or separate) imprisonment in all cases of preventive detention and of short sentences;" in other words, the application of the separate system to their common gaols and houses of detention.

One of the interrogatories put to the convict on his arrival at the penitentiary was as to the effect upon him of his first imprisonment in gaol. The response in almost every case was substantially the same: "I left it worse than when I entered it."

In the common gaols, this Satanic work of inoculating the young with vice and crime, this work of manufacturing criminals, this work of discouraging morality and virtue, all this is done under the aegis of the law, with the co-operation of judges, sheriffs, and other legal functionaries, and with the implied sanction and approval of society at large.

If there are no reformatories, or, better still, "homes" or "refuges" to which they can be sent, with a reasonable hope of their being brought under wise discipline and wholesome moral influences, it would be better, infinitely better, (in the case at least of boys), that they should be brought at once before a special magistrate appointed for the purpose, and, if found guilty, soundly flogged and dismissed; infinitely better this, than that they should be consigned, as they now are, to our common gaols, to enter upon their apprenticeship to crime, to start, as it were, upon what Bulwer truly designates "the law's royal road to the gallows."

After a few experiences of the mode of life in gaol, they come to regard it, not as a place of punishment, to be carefully shunned, but as a club or hotel, where they are comfortably housed, clothed, and fed, at the public expense. Little wonder that, under these circumstances, our habitual offenders are frequently found to have recourse to various ingenious devices to fit

themselves as proper recipients of the hospitalities of our gaols!

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in his address delivered before the Saratoga Congress in 1884, says: "It is the right and the duty of the State, in the interest, not only of society at large, but in the true interest of the criminals themselves, to subject them to a lengthened sentence of imprisonment in some institution (central prison or otherwise), where their labours will pay for their keep, and where, under proper discipline, they will have an opportunity and an incentive to the formation of habits of industry, of self-dependence and self-respect; and further, that they should remain there until, by their conduct, they have shown that they will be self-supporting, law-abiding members of society. This method of treatment implies that the State has the power of passing indeterminate sentences of imprisonment; in other words, of sentencing a prisoner to confinement until, in the opinion of some constituted tribunal, he can with safety to society be discharged

"When a man shows by his conduct a fixed determination to be a criminal, and to prey upon society, society is in its right in saying: 'We will not allow you to carry out your plan of life; we will put you in a place where you cannot victimize or terrorize society, where you will be compelled to earn your own living, and at the same time have every chance afforded you of reforming and acquiring habits of industry and self-respect; and there we will keep you until, by your conduct, you give us reason to believe that, if allowed to return to the world, you will prove a law-abiding, self-supporting member of the community."

The cost of this mode of dealing with incorrigibles is, as Mr. Warner says, infinitely less than the cost of watching, catching, trying, and imprisoning them, on shorter or longer sentences, over and over again, to say nothing of the cost of their depredations.

It may, I think, be taken as established, that society will consult its best interests by sentencing incorrigibles, or confirmed criminals, to indeterminate imprisonment in central prisons or other institutions, where a judicious system of discipline is steadily enforced.

In conclusion, I would solemnly ask that each one here present should consider what criminals we ourselves are; how much we have been forgiven; and, in this same spirit of love and forgiveness, proceed to do our best for other criminals in our land.

"WE BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US, GOOD LORD."

BY PERCY H. PUNSHON.

For all who are earnestly trying
To tread where the Saviour has trod,
For the poor and the sick and the dying,
For those who are strangers to God,
For those who are sowing and reaping
With no hope of earthly reward,
For those who are silently weeping,
We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For little ones needing a mother,
For weary ones needing a rest,
For neighbours that hate one another,
For those we love dearest and best,
For lives too familiar with sorrow
Whose joys have been put to the sword,
For all that have cares for the morrow,
We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For dumb ones that never have spoken,
For blind ones without and within,
For sinners who have not the token
Of freedom and pardon for sin,
For the traitor, the coward and craven
The ailing by mercy restored,
For aged ones nearing their haven
We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

OSHAWA.

"AMONG THE MAORIES; OR, DAYBREAK IN NEW ZEALAND."*

BY THE REV. G. F. SALTON, PH.B.

At the Centenary Conference of Protestant Missions, held in London, 1888, Bishop Stuart, D.D., of Waiapu, said: "The history of the Mission in New Zealand is almost unique, for it is distinguished in two particulars. The first of these is this, that the work of Christian missions there up to a certain period was a complete success. When once Christianity took root it spread rapidly. It was almost like a bush-fire. There was the usual period of preparatory labour, then God sent fire from heaven and there was a conflagration which spread so rapidly that when the illustrious Bishop Selwyn arrived he traversed a country which a few years before had been the home of the most barbarous and savage race of cannibals known. He traversed it throughout its length and breadth, then wrote home : 'Everywhere I see the people eager for instruction, meeting for daily prayers, keeping the Sabbath, learning to read the portion of God's Word translated into their language; in short, I seem to see a nation born in a day.'

"The second particular is this, that when the wide-spreading tree had been cut down through wars—wars which brought to England no honour, and which wrought a terrible devastation amongst a people whom even those who fought against them confessed to be a noble race and a generous foe—when naught seemed to remain but the stump in the ground, through God's goodness there sprang up from that a fair, stately, strong stem, with wide-spreading branches and dependent fruit."

The development of Bishop Stuart's two particulars involving not only "Daybreak in New Zealand," but also the story of the Maori wars, the wild patriotism of the native Royalists, the flicker of their temporary success against the English, the Han-Han Apostasy, the final crash and darkness of subjugation, would make an historical page of fascinating and pathetic interest, but space forbids more than a cursory view of each.

Abel Janszen Tasman, sailing from Batavia, August 14, 1642, in command of an exploring expedition to Australia, sent by Van Diemen, Governor-General of the Dutch East India Company, was the first European to sight New Zealand, though probably Captain Cook was the first European to set foot on its shores, when in 1769 he took possession of the country for the crown of England.

The natives of these islands, the Maories, (a word meaning "native" "indigenous") are rapidly dying out. Their number, formerly computed at 100,000, does not now reach 30,000. Slowly, but surely, the onward march of civilization edges them off the pathway. Without any deliberate attempt to extinguish a brave and in some respects a noble race, the natives are being supplanted by the English everywhere. They are doubtless of a Polynesian stock of the Malay family, and according to their own carefully treasured traditions came originally from a place called Hawaika, supposed by the most recent investigators to have been Savaii, in the Samoan Islands.

* "Among the Maories; or, Daybreak in New Zealand." By JESSE PAGE. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

They are a vain, arrogant, and revengeful people, not generally benevolent, yet affectionate to their friends, and faithful keepers of their promises. Their judgment is deficient, they have little imagination, and are seldom capable of generalizing; but they have good memories and quick perceptions.

When first discovered by Europeans, they were in a very degraded stage of barbarism. They worshipped many gods, but possessed few idols, their gods being spiritual and invisible, usually personifications of natural objects and powers. They frequently offered up human sacrifices as sin-offerings, "hence," said Marsden, "whenever the Gospel shall be revealed to them, they will easily understand the doctrine of the atonement." They believed in a future state and immortality. There were two distinct abodes for the departed, but neither was a place of punishment, the wicked being punished by sickness or misfortune in this world.

The great code of life to these New Zealanders was the "taboo," or the making of persons, things, places sacred. This law underlies not only all the religious ideas of the Maories, but also many of their civil institutions, and might be practised for either saving life or destroying it. The act of making a thing or place taboo was very simple, the priest had simply to touch or point to the object, or to tie a piece of human hair or a bit of an old mat to it. The spell could not be moved except by elaborate ceremonies, and to break it unlawfully was punishable with death.

Most of the wars between the tribes arose from some difficulty of this character. Perhaps in nothing was the sacredness of this practice shown more than in dealing with the dead. The place of departure was so sacred that everything on the spot was destroyed by fire. This requirement, however, was oftentimes met by taking their dying friends to the side of a stream, or covering them with a slight shelter, the destruction of which would not interfere with the value of their property.

Taboo became a network of fear and misery to the native mind, and ensnared the heart of the people in the meshes of perpetual bondage and trouble. As an institution it has ceased, or is rapidly dying out, but both the principle and the practice still exist to some extent under different names among primitive people generally.

A peculiar ceremony called "rohi" was performed by the priests upon infants before they were a month old. It consisted of a species of baptism, sometimes by sprinkling and sometimes by immersion. During the ceremony the priest forced small pebbles down the child's throat to make his heart hard and revengeful.

Cannibalism was universal. Marriage did not involve any religious ceremony, but married women were kept under strict restraint, and infidelity was punished severely, often with death. Polygamy was permitted, and men could divorce their wives by simply turning them out of doors. In spite of their many noble traits, an eye-witness, speaking of this time, says: "We cannot well picture a race of men more savage and debased, more strongly bound with an age-riveted chain than they were. Killing was literally no murder, and man regarded his fellow-man as his proper food, which he was justified in using whenever it could be procured. Hence wars never ceased, murders, rapine, and wrong were of constant occurrence."

The houses of the natives are wind and water tight, although built only of bulrushes, and are carefully lined with plaited leaves

of the palm-tree. They have small windows, and these like the doors, are closed by means of a sliding shutter. The woodwork of the posts is curiously carved, sometimes showing considerable skill and grace. No furniture is seen within—a lot of bulrushes thrown on the floor is their sleeping couch; a little carved box is kept ready to receive their ornaments, and in a corner are a few stones, which constitute their cooking utensils.

Perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of the Maories is their practice of tattooing. The males tattoo their faces, hips and thighs; the women their upper lips. The figures tattooed are alike among persons of the same tribe. To their taste this is the perfection of beauty, but it is a most terrible ordeal. "With all their apparent insensibility to suffering and perfect patience and self-command, it is impossible for the stoutest-hearted of these men to endure more than a little of this tattooing at one time. With their heads between the knees of the operating man, the incisions are made with mallet and chisel, as a sculptor would work in his marble, and it is weeks, or even months, before the adornment is complete."

The funeral rites of the Maories are very dramatic. They place the dead in a sitting posture, the brow is garlanded with flowers, and the whole body is enveloped in a mat of fine texture, made from flax. The dead man's relatives and friends, gathered from afar, seat themselves on the ground, and after sacrificing certain birds to the gods, spend days in lamentations and war songs, descriptive of the powers of the deceased.

We cannot deal here with the early history of this remarkable race, nor stop to tell of the tribal bloodshed and the horrible massacres—notably that of the crew and passengers of the Boyd—these massacres were doubtless all provoked by the cruelty of the early traders, and they unfortunately made the name of this people a by-word of horror in all English homes. We must hasten to tell of the "Daybreak."

It is surprising how little is said in the missionary literature of to-day about Samuel Marsden, the pioneer of Christianity to the Maories. Such a man ought not to be forgotten. He was the son of a blacksmith, born in Yorkshire, England, July 28, 1764. Though at first a Wesleyan Methodist, he afterwards united with the Church of England, studied at Cambridge and prepared for holy orders. Whilst a student he was humble, catholic and singularly modest, remarkable for firmness of principle, an intrepidity of spirit, a suavity of manner, a strong judgment, and above all, a mind stored with knowledge and deeply impressed with religious truth. From his earliest years he had had a strong desire to be a missionary. When therefore the news arrived that he had been appointed by the Government as second chaplain of the settlement then known as his Majesty's territory of New South Wales, he was highly delighted as well as surprised.

On the second of March, 1794, he stepped on the shore of Australia, and found himself in charge of the very refuse of England, a convict establishment, without any of the humane accompaniments of such places in these days. The senior chaplain soon afterwards gave up the work and sailed home, leaving Marsden alone to cope with the immense responsibilities of the position. He soon began to look further afield than the sphere of his chaplaincy, and yearned to preach the Gospel to the people in the lands afar off. Especially had his heart gone forth

to New Zealand. From time to time Maories had crossed the sea to visit the white settlement at New South Wales, and these visits had awakened in him a remarkable interest. He bade such visitors welcome to his house, talked with them about their country, and soon it became known to all the natives who came that Marsden was their friend, and would give them counsel and protection.

He determined to lay the whole question of a special mission to New Zealand before the Church Missionary Society at home, and returned to England in 1807 for that purpose. For two years he urged the Society to adopt the policy of first civilizing the natives and then preaching to them the riches of the Gospel. His argument was: "Commerce and the arts have a natural tendency to inculcate industry and moral habits, open the way for the introduction of the Gospel, and lay the foundation for its continuance when once received. Nothing can pave the way for the introduction of the Gospel but civilization."

To these views the founders of the Church Missionary Society gave at last a qualified approval. They felt that the first thing was to preach the Gospel, and that it would be unwise to defer its proclamation on the ground that civilization would first effect a reformation as its pioneer. Their exhortation to Marsden concluded with the following clear statement of the case: "Do not mistake civilization for conversion. Do not imagine when heathens are raised in intellect, in the knowledge of the arts and outward decencies, above their fellow-countrymen, that they are Christians, and therefore rest content as if your proper work were accomplished. Our great aim is far higher; it is to make them children of God and heirs of His glory."

The wisdom of their decision has been confirmed by the subsequent history of missionary enterprise, and in later life, when Marsden could review the work of many years, he saw that his first impression was an error in judgment, for he said: "Civilization is not necessary before Christianity; do both together if you will, but you will find civilization follow Christianity more easily than Christianity follow civilization."

Upon his return to Australia in 1809, the Governor refused to grant him permission to go on such a mad and reckless enterprise as he had planned, and it was not until Nov. 19, 1814, that Marsden, having purchased the Active, probably the pioneer missionary ship, set sail with a party of English men and women, Maori chiefs and convicts, sheep and poultry, for the scene of the Boyd massacre.

There are not many incidents, even in early missionary history, more notable and heroic than this, of two lone Englishmen, Marsden and his friend Nicholas, unarmed, going deliberately to live with a hostile camp of savage cannibals. When they landed they found a violent tribal war in progress, and Marsden determined first of all to try to bring this to an end. His efforts were successful, and he had the happiness of seeing the two rival and bloodthirsty chiefs rubbing noses together in amity and concord.

To this good man God vouchsafed many visible results of his work. Among the most encouraging was the case of Rangi, a chief who heard for the first time the news of the Gospel during the cruise of the Active. His conversion, which followed a few days afterwards, soon made an outward difference in the life of the old man. It showed itself, as is commonly the case among the heathen, by an observance of the Sabbath. When-

ever the sacred day dawned, Rangi hoisted a piece of red cloth above his tent, and told the people of his tribe that it was a day to be kept holy. He showed by his patience under acute suffering that God was with him. When the end of the old man drew near, he continued even more earnestly to express his faith in God, and to counsel his friends to follow his example. His last words, full of pathetic sincerity and love, were these: "I have prayed to God, and to Jesus Christ, and my heart feels full of light."

Surely such a death was more like a blessed beginning of life, for he who had lived in the darkness of superstition saw now the glorious rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and stretched forth his weary hands towards the everlasting day.

One native, who had become a teacher, is said to have been able to repeat the whole of the liturgical service of the Church of England by heart, an achievement in which he would have few competitors even among the pale-faces.

We shall note but one other trophy won in this field.

The Christian chief Ngakuku, passed through a terrible ordeal, but the spirit in which he bore his trouble shows how Divine grace can control a man who in times past has been savage and relentless. One night he and his party of twenty-one natives were surprised by a Rotorua party, who had mistaken them for Waharoa's soldiers. With the stealthy, swift action of Maori warfare, they rushed upon them in the darkness. Every one fled to the woods, and Ngakuku, snatching up his boy in his arms, begged his little girl, Tarore, to follow.

This poor child, however, was dazed with sleep, and did not do so, and at daybreak the chief sought her in vain. Some of the hostile natives came, telling him she was well, and endeavouring to ensnare him by that strategy. But as night came on, he stole down to the deserted hut and found her dead. When at the little chapel that night, evening prayers were said, and the broken-hearted chieftain himself spoke a few words on "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me!" The sweet promises of comfort seemed to fall like refreshing rain on his parched spirit.

The next day the child received Christian burial, and a large concourse of natives stood around the grave. After the missionary had spoken, the father came forward, and, amid impressive silence, said: "There lies my child; she has been murdered as a payment for your bad conduct. But do not rise up to obtain satisfaction for her. God will do that. Let this be the conclusion of the war with Rotorua. Let peace be now made. My heart is not sad for my daughter, but for you. You wished for teachers to come to you; they came, and now you are driving them away. You are weeping for my daughter, but I am weeping for you, for myself, for all of us. Perhaps this murder is a sign of God's anger towards us for our sins. Let us turn to Him and believe."

This beautiful girl, who sealed her faith with her blood, died like a real martyr. She clasped her Maori Gospel of St. Luke to her breast, and her murderers, tearing from it some leaves of the sacred book, used them as cartridges when they shot her down. One of these torn leaves was picked up by a poor slave boy, who carried it away, and, having been taught in the mission school to read, set to work to spread the Gospel among the very tribe which had committed this cruel murder.

It is a singular circumstance that years afterwards, Uita, the man who led the attack during which

the child was killed, embraced Christianity, and, before his confession and baptism, sought out Ngakuku, and received his forgiveness.

When the first Bishop of Sydney, Dr. Broughton, was appointed, some surprise was naturally felt that Marsden had not been selected. But he would not allow his friends to regret what appeared to them to be a slight. "It is better as it is," said the venerable saint, "I am an old man; my work is almost done." Soon afterwards the end came. He had contracted a cold while on a journey, and in the fever which supervened, his mind wandered back to his beloved New Zealand and the Maories he loved. During a few moments of consciousness, he heard some one speak of the value of a good hope in Christ. "Yes, that hope is indeed precious to me now." And, with the words, "precious, precious," upon his lips, he passed where the worker meets the Master, and the weary find sweet rest.

We must now say a word or two about the great reverse that followed the spiritual conflagration of Marsden's day.

The question of the acquisition of their land had become a burning one in the minds of the Maories, and they began to cherish a deep sense of distrust towards the European colonists. Englishmen were availing themselves of any native custom, either of conquest or slavery, to disfranchise the native proprietors. Native titles were ignored, claimants were satisfied with a few cents per acre, and the company professed to sell to settlers what they had no right or title to possess. Queen, law, and religion were thrust aside in the one thought of the acquirement of land. The natives were exasperated. No wonder, therefore, that in 1844, a serious war broke out, in which the town of Kororareka, an English settlement, was destroyed, and the English troops repeatedly defeated.

One of the most desperate encounters was in 1863, when 15,000 soldiers under English command contended against 2,000 natives, hiding and fighting behind ramparts. These terrible wars brought back the old spirit of revenge and bloodthirstiness to the Maories, and developed an apostasy which was destined to be one of the most remarkable instances of superstition in the record of mission labour—the Han-Han Apostasy.

Horopapera Te Ua, a Taranaki chief, proclaimed himself a prophet sent from heaven, and waged a relentless war against the English and their religion. The new creed which he proclaimed was not unlike Mohammedanism. It renounced the Christian religion, root and branch, but took up with ready loyalty the Old Testament as its guide. Upon this was engrafted the strangest mixture of fanatical rites and incantations. All the old superstitions of the Maories apparently rose again in the new religion. The people were taught that the natives of New Zealand had been exalted to take the place of the ancient Jewish people, and that it was the duty of the Maories to show great respect for the Jews whenever they met with them. Thus it happened that during the terrible onslaught which these fanatics made upon the Christians, in no case was any injury done to the Hebrew race. Old Testament names were freely distributed amongst the Maories, the Christians were supposed to represent Pharaoh, the oppressor of Egypt, and the prophet called himself the Moses who would soon thrust the enemy into the depths of the sea. The worst passions of the people were resorted to, and the practices of the new superstition were revolting. It is not sur-

prising that under such circumstances the natives relapsed into barbarism; and their cannibal practices, which Christianity had to a large extent exterminated, once more appeared with dreadful frequency.

Unchecked, the wave of superstition swept on. Mission stations, once the home of peaceful teaching, were ruthlessly destroyed, and the converts scattered. In some cases the Christian natives armed themselves and fought for their lives; and once, at least, at Wanganui, succeeded in defeating a company of Han-Han fanatics.

One brave missionary, however, was destined to seal the faith with his blood. This was the Rev. Carl Volkner, the story of whose death is admirably told in the "Conquests of the Cross."

This strange movement burned itself out in a few months, and was not altogether an unmixed evil. Nay, it was overruled for good, for when the missionaries entered afresh upon this sphere of labour they felt that the spiritual work had been perhaps more superficial than they had suspected, and that the spiritual change to be insisted upon must be nothing short of the radical one of conversion.

The results which have since accrued by this fresh work of evangelizing, is seen in the fact that fifty years after Marsden's death, on the 12th of May, 1888, fifty-seven Maori ministers solemnly consecrated themselves afresh in memory of the Maori's friend, and, as "baptized for the dead," pledged themselves to carry forward his great work.

The whole of the Bible and prayer-book is now widely circulated in the Maori language; newspapers are published in the vernacular; and the familiar hymns of our English churches and chapels are being sung in their own euphonious tongue.

While there is, of course, much to lament, there being a "submerged tenth" of even this decayed and fast diminishing race, over whom shadows have been flung from the civilization over the sea; still there is ground for gratitude to God. When we think of the New Zealand of the past, a desert of darkness, cruelty, and sin, the promise has surely in her borders been fulfilled: "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off."

St. Thomas, Ont.

WHAT WAS IT?

What was it?
A dew-drop from heaven,
Sparkling and bright,
Fallen to earth, from its home
Mid realms of light.

What was it?
A sound of sweet music
That fell on the ear,
Wafted down from the skies
For a mortal to hear.

What was it?
A word kindly spoken
When sorrow and care
Were rampant. The echo
Perchance of a prayer.

Or a thought
That longed to find utterance
Wherever the need,
For that is prayer, and action
Is prayer in deed.

—*H. Héloïse Dupuis.*

KINGSTON.

HIRAM GOLF'S RELIGION.

SHOEMAKER BY THE GRACE OF GOD.

BY GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, D.D.

CHAPTER V.

"A LITTLE MAN SAVIN' SOULS."

John Jessig had received a call, and his little household was filled with excitement. The call was a very flattering incident, and neither John nor any one else, in the pulpit or out of it, can be wholly indifferent to a matter of that kind. He pondered deeply, took a long walk across the fields, telling this great secret over and over again in his soul, while his face glowed with appreciation of the compliment implied, then stood for a full hour on the bridge which spans the Cheroquee, thinking, but reaching no conclusion.

A more important parish, from a worldly point of view, had expressed the unanimous desire to obtain his services. He would have a much larger salary, for the people in Woodbine were poor, and he was sometimes pinched. Besides this, he would have an opportunity to make himself better known—a factor in the problem which appealed to his personal ambition. Woodbine was in a corner, but the new church was on a hill-top.

"Shouldn't a man make the most of himself?" reasoned John. "Isn't it right, nay, isn't it a duty, to preach the Gospel in a place where the thunderous reverberations will be heard throughout a wide area?"

But he hesitated. A thousand conflicting emotions, some laudable and others not so praiseworthy, chased each other through his mind. A solemn question had fallen to his lot, and its solution could not be long delayed. The committee who had visited him had quoted the passage about hiding one's light under a bushel, had intimated that a much less gifted man would serve the purpose in Woodbine, had candidly declared that the new parish would open up a very much larger field, and that he had been accounted just the man to do brave work there.

If his pulse ran up into the nineties, need we wonder? There is a good deal to be said on both sides of such a subject, and John may be excused if he walked up and down that rickety bridge looking for light. At last, in utter confusion of heart, he sauntered along the narrow street leading to the village, knocked at Hiram's door, was warmly welcomed as usual, and took a seat in the dingy shop.

"Parson," began Hiram, "there is too many Christians who are anxious to do somethin' great for God, and too few who are willin' to do somethin' little."

That was a strange chord to strike at such a time, and John simply looked the interrogation he could not utter.

"Yes," continued Hiram, as he drove the pegs with unwonted rapidity, "the hardest work a man ever does is to glorify the little things of life."

John became thoughtful. "You have hold of a mighty puzzle, Hiram," he said at length. "A great enterprise evolves great courage and makes great deeds possible, but I sometimes think that a man is just as acceptable to God if he is contented with a narrow lot and fills it full of the riches of Christ."

"Parson," said Hiram, laying his hammer on his lap and looking at John with an earnest gaze, "if you could make the people believe that, you'd fetch the millennium along in about two weeks. They can't see it, though—not yet."

"If I wanted to organize a band of missionaries," John continued, "to go to some distant spot on the earth where they would encounter untold dangers, and possibly give their lives for the cause, I could—"

"Wall," broke in Hiran, "you could recruit a large number within a stone's-throw of my workbench."

"I think I know at least a dozen devoted people who would be glad of the opportunity."

"That's so, parson. But if you want 'em to check their tempers for God's sake, and wash the dishes with salvation in view, they would toss their heads in the air. Human natur' is labourin' under a great mistake. Men and women is willin' to die for the Lord, but somehow they're not ready to live for Him. You can get folks enough to risk everythin' for the Lord under extraordinary circumstances, who can't make up their minds to live for Him under circumstances that is only ordinary. In my jedgment, the best test of man's conversion is found in the way he handles the drudgery of every day. If he can stand up against that and hold his own, he can stand up against anythin' that's likely to come.

"Now, then, take my shoemakin' for an example. 'Taint much,' says the world. 'Hiram Golf don't amount to nothin' anyway.' But if I do it with the feelin' that God is sayin' to me, 'Hiram, I have sot you to makin' shoes, and I want you to make 'em good; don't put no paper in the soles, for the sake of a little extra profit; and see that your uppers is well tanned—do that, and I'll see that you get to heaven,' if I work with that in mind, ain't I a pretty good-sized man in the sight of the angels?

"Every time I pull a thread I want to say to myself, 'There! that stitch will hold; I've put my religion into it.' And every time I drive a peg I try to drive it home so it'll stay in place. I want to feel that I can look at the man who wears them shoes without makin' no excuses for myself. The sole and the upper must be jined together like a man and wife in marriage, and a divorce in muddy weather is entirely out of the question."

"I see what you mean, Hiram," said John, "and I entirely agree with you. It is more important to do little things well than to waste time in hunting for some great thing that can't be found."

"Yes, parson, and more reel religion in bakin' a loaf of sweet bread than in goin' to a church meetin' and lettin' the bread get sour. The Christianity of a clean, wholesome, and well-regulated home is of more consequence than most folks thinks. The general notion is that religion is up in the air, among the clouds, but I don't believe it, and I don't read my Bible that way. My kind of religion don't scuttle out of sight at sundown on Sunday evenin', come back again for an hour or two to the Wednesday prayer-meetin', and then disappear until the church-bells ring on the next Sunday mornin'. All that is a delusion and a snare. No religion is wuth havin' unless a man sticks to it in a hoss trade, or when he's paintin' a barn; and if a professor sands his sugar and waters his milk, he's goin' to have a tough time when certain unfort'nate questions is asked by the Lord."

"I sometimes think," said John,

as though talking to himself—"I sometimes think that in the Providence of God there is nothing small, that everything is great."

"You're not fur off from the truth, parson. Now, excuse me if I am personal; I don't mean no disrespect, and you won't feel offended. Take yourself, for instance. You are a young man, and you are preachin' in a little manufacturin' village that couldn't be seen on a map without a microscope. In the eyes of the world you ain't of no consequence whatever. Your field is a narrer one, and although you're a faithful pastor, you haven't anythin' like fame. Nobody beyond the hills ever heard of you, and I don't care much whether they ever do hear of you.

"You're a little man in a little place. But, my dear son," the shoemaker's eyes glistened with excitement, "you are savin' souls. You worked over poor Bill Handy till you dragged him away from his cups. You're the friend of every workin'man in the mills; you went to the employers in the last strike, when things were red-hot, and we was on the verge of a revolution—persuaded them to make certain concessions in the name of justice and fair play, and ever since matters have gone on smooth and proper.

"A little man in a little place, savin' souls! A little man in a little place, makin' things clean and wholesome! People can't see us, we are so hidden away. No matter. Who cares? When you get to heaven, them eloquent ministers who have preached in large cities to big congregations will look at you and say, 'Hullo, little man, where do you hail from?' They'll make your acquaintance for the fust time, but my word for it, John Jessig, they'll be glad to know you.

"When the Lord comes along and looks over His Kingdom, do you think He's goin' to pay special attention to them famous men and neglect you? He will say to them, 'Show me what you've done down there in the city, where you had a nice house, and a fine library, and all the comforts of life'; and He'll say to you, 'John Jessig, I put you down there by the Cheroquee River, because there was work to be done among those mill hands.' It won't do, parson, for them ministers to put on airs. They've got to show results, and you've got to do the same.

"A soul in New York ain't wuth no more than a soul in Woodbine. A rich man's soul ain't wuth no more than a shoemaker's soul, or a blacksmith's soul. A soul is a soul, the world over, and if you've saved one the Lord won't ask whether it lived on the back street or up on the avenue.

"There ain't nuthin' small that God condescends to look at. His lookin' at it makes it great."

John became excited, and his hands trembled. He thought he heard the voice of the Lord in that conversation. He looked at Hiram with indescribable tenderness. It is a marvellous thing to see a man on fire, and the shoemaker was all ablaze. He had unconsciously reduced human motives to their last analysis, had proven to himself and to John that the small duties of life are important, and he seemed to be filled with the divine fury of that eloquence of which every earnest man is capable in supreme moments.

Then John shook Hiram's hand warmly, and said, "Hiram, it is always great to live near to God. One never feels small when heaven is the price to be paid for his work. It makes no difference where a man is placed. If he gathers his golden sheaf of ripe grain, and carries it to the Gate, he is sure of a welcome. What more can he ask?

"I have sometimes grown despondent, situated as I am in this out-of-the-way village, but you have cheered and helped me. It isn't the size of the field we till, but the work we put into it, that is important. A large soul makes everything large. It is a great lesson to learn, and I think I have learned it. The dear Lord is here as well as elsewhere, and if we are in His company what matters it that we are deprived of other things? I am willing to seem small to men, if the Lord will not think me so. Good-night, my dear brother."

When John reached home he said quietly, "Mary, I've been thinking about that call."

"Yes, John?"

"And have concluded to stay here in Woodbine."

Mary put her arms about her husband's neck, and said, "I'm glad of it, John. We've been very happy here."

THE LIFE INDEED.*

BY REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

Editor "Wesleyan Methodist Magazine."

"That they may lay hold on the life that is life indeed."—1 Tim. vi. 19.

The Apostle in this epistle considers two lives—one that is empty and disappointing, another that is profound and satisfying—a life that is life indeed. In his view the true life is the spiritual life, the disappointing and empty life being the life of those who are limited to the things of time and sense. Now I wish to speak, in the first place, as to the reality of the spiritual life and the worldly life. The Apostle declares the spiritual life to be a substantial life—the life that is life indeed. Now, the worldly man regards the spiritual life as an illusion. He considers the devout man to be a man who runs after phantoms, and, in running after a variety of apparitions, really misses the solid prizes of existence. Then, if you go to the spiritual man, he considers that the materialist is a man who is beating the air; that he is a man who is running after illusions; that he is the man who is missing the splendid prizes of existence. How are we to determine between the two? Which is the reality? Which is the life indeed? In the wilderness clever travellers can detect between the mirage and the real landscape. They have tests by which to distinguish the solid from the illusive. Is there any test by which we can distinguish what is the reality and what is the mirage? I want, for a moment, to remind you of one or two tests by which you may determine the reality of the higher law and the higher life.

THE PERSISTENCE OF THE SPIRITUAL INSTINCT.

In the first place, the reality of the spiritual life is demonstrated to us by the persistence of the spiritual instinct. Whatever may be said about it, we cannot get rid of the spiritual universe. It will haunt us and it will continue to do so. Since this book was written the face of the world has changed, but generation after generation

* A sermon preached in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

you find in the race the spiritual instinct. It is profound and invincible, and I mean to say that the spiritual instinct of the race never asserted itself more vividly, more influentially, and more undeniably than it does to-day. You had a splendid illustration in your age of the power of the spiritual instinct.

Within the lifetime of the old men here the distinguished philosopher Kant lived and played his part. The aim of that brilliant man was to reduce materialism to a rational system. He said, It is possible to answer all man's questions and to satisfy all man's aspirations within the horizon of the sensible, tangible universe. And then that great philosopher with a magnificent intellect set himself to create a philosophical system of pure worldliness, and in that system you were to find your deepest desires satisfied forever. When he became an old man he became conscious that this system of materialism would not work. He became conscious that there was in the race a spiritual instinct, and he set himself in his last days to turn his philosophy into a religion. He made substitutes for theological truths—sorry substitutes they were—a substitute for God, and for heaven, and for immortality.

As I say, they were sorry substitutes. They remind me of that scene in the life of Herschell, the astronomer. He promised to show a distinguished party the heavens through his telescope; but when the night came it was damp, dark, and cloudy. So the ingenious astronomer set himself a task that should meet the occasion. He cut out Saturn in cardboard, the rings all complete, a lamp in the centre, and then he planted his artificial constellation on the garden wall. When the party looked through the astronomical tube they thought that they were looking into the mysteries of the firmament, oblivious of the fact that they were manufactured from cardboard and naphtha!

Kant found substitutes for the great theological verities, used religious phraseology and ecclesiastical symbolisms. But I say to you, what a testimony to the spiritual instinct of the race that, when the most audacious scheme of materialism had been perfected, its author found that it would not work until he began to play upon the imagination of the race with theological terms and with religious symbolism! No, you cannot get rid of spiritual instinct. It will assert itself. Do what you will, men will persist in wandering towards God. If the spiritual instinct had been a mere hallucination—that is, if it had been a perception without a body—it would not get finer as the generations passed along.

But the spiritual instinct is as varied and masterful, as influential to-day as it ever was; and if you look into that great book of Mr. Kidd's you have that subject worked out splendidly—that the spiritual idea is the still dominant idea of the most perfect civilization. Do what you like, you cannot get rid of that spiritual world. The worldly man cannot quench the spiritual instinct with thick clay. The sceptical man flouts it, and still has to reckon with it. The bad man is haunted with the sense of the infinite, and the better man becomes the more vividly does he see the powers of the world to come. When I go to the scientist, the first thing he tells me is that persistence is the sign of reality. I am glad to know it. There is nothing infinite in this world that has been more persistent than the spiritual instinct. It has demonstrated itself more clearly and powerfully in the thought and conscience of man-

kind. If you want to know which is the landscape and which is the mirage, test it by that spiritual instinct, and you will know that when we think of the heavenly we are not thinking of the mirage, but we are pilgrims to a city that has foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

THE CARNAL VIEW OF LIFE.

There is another thing I should like to submit—the meaninglessness of all life without a spiritual idea. The fact is, the whole system of things with which we are familiar is utterly baffling if you look at it only with the carnal eye. Unless you bring in the spiritual idea you are deeply discontented with everything with which you have to do from day to day, and you ought to be. In one of my walks I pass a poor idiot lad, who spends his time spinning a top. He is a very old boy now. He has been spinning that top for many years. I dare say he has good days and bad days. I expect that there are some nights when he goes home with the feelings of a commander who has won a battle; and some nights when he knows the sentiments of a commander who has lost one. But everybody must feel as they look at that boy year in and year out, from the time his hair was golden to the time when it is turning grey, that it is a poor, inadequate, and pathetic spectacle at best.

But I say to you, what are we all doing but spinning tops? If life has no moral significance, and if it has no immortal consequences, if there is no larger span than the materialistic span, what is that lad but a parable of the race? We are all spinning tops. The tops are different. Some men get a big top, and some get a little one. Some of our tops have a good deal more gilt on them than others. Some men manage to spin their tops very silently, and some other men spin their tops with such a hum that they can be heard across the seas. But, mind, it is all top-spinning. There is nothing grand in it. If life is nothing more than eating and drinking, buttoning and unbuttoning, it is an empty and exasperating thing. As long as you leave the spiritual idea out of life it is a thing of deep discontent. When you bring God into it, when you bring the intellectual government into it, when you regard all these terrestrial things as a complex apparatus of moral discipline, when you view your duties and relationships, joys and sorrows, as the deepening and perfecting of an endless life, then, and only then, are we satisfied, because we have found an adequate motive and consequence for all that is.

THE REALITY OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The reality of the spiritual life is demonstrated by the contentment of all who live it. Worldly men are not contented. What is that question they are always asking—Is life worth living? We don't ask it. Nobody ever thought of asking that question in the Church of God. They ask that question outside. Is life worth living? What does it mean? Without the spiritual ideal, they are discontented. There is an intellectual discontent, and they call the universe irrational. There is a discontent of the passions, and out of it comes satiety. There is a discontent of the heart, and out of it comes cynicism. There is a discontent of the conscience, and out of it comes despair. There is discontent, and, as I say, there ought to be. You can call things by grand names. You can call a top a gyrascope—but, mind, it is a top. You may deceive men with polysyllables, but they find them out. You may call everything by large and splendid names, but men will

find it all out when the sexton finishes it all up. There must be a thought to fill the soul as well as a word to fill the ear. Men are discontented if there is nothing more than—Let's eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.

The only rational thing in an irrational universe is a discontented man, if there is nothing beyond the churchyard. He ought to be discontented. It is the only sign of reason that he is. As soon as a man begins to live a higher life he has done with these discontents. He blesses the day that he was born. I spoke about the idiot lad. But, mind you, there is somebody else who spins a top besides that lad. The distinguished scientist, Sir William Thompson (Lord Kelvin) spent a very important part of his distinguished career in spinning tops. But, mind, when he spins a top it means something—he illustrates great problems of the universe, he illustrates the secrets of mechanics and dynamics. When he spins a top he settles geological controversies and explains the mysteries of astronomy. A top is a very different thing in the hand of an idiot boy and a great philosopher. You spin your top as a materialist, and its sounds signify nothing. But when you spin your top, linking it in with the purpose of God, the government of God, and the upbuilding of your moral life, and the working out of an exceeding weight of glory, it has become another thing, and grander. Your life is magnificent if you look on the moral side. Look to good men, men in the Church; they are not discontented. They want more of it—deep satisfaction, deep content. You cannot do without a greater hope.

I noticed some writer was writing about the Zoo, and he spoke of the "spacious cages of the eagles." "Spacious cages of the eagles!" I should like to know what the eagles think about that. You cannot get a cage for the eagle. You may make your Zoo as big as you like, but the eagle is made for the sea and the sky and the sun, and depend upon it that in your biggest cage your poor sick eagle has a very touching memory of the loss of its sky. They try to make this world big and large for us. They give us a spacious cage, the materialists do, but we were not made for a cage. It is the large, it is the lofty, it is the infinite, it is the eternal, for which we were made. And it is only when a man walks in that upper realm of thought and feeling of fellowship that he finds rest unto his soul.

THE SPIRITUAL AND THE WORLDLY.

The relation of the spiritual to the worldly. The Apostle does not mean that you are to ignore the worldly life. There is not a bit of monasticism in that. You prize the Church, and, when you have done that, prize the city, because the argument of the text is that it is only through the noble use of worldly things that you can lay hold upon the life that is life indeed. A man can never drop the world with advantage. Intellectual men cannot. A painter sometimes tries to paint without Nature, and soon paints very striking originals. There is a loss of life and truth and colour. The musician cannot pursue music in a metaphorical mood. He must test his musical conceptions on the string. He must listen to them in the pipe. You must always keep appealing to the physical foundations of music. You cannot work out music in an abstract mood.

It is the same with poetry. They say that Milton's poetry became bombastic when he lost his sight. The delicacy of beauty is gone. All intellectual men live with Nature, and it is only through communion with Nature that they discover

their qualities and come to a splendid perfection. You cannot become perfect by withdrawing yourself from the world. If you want to be a perfect man, you must get into the world.

But you say, I don't like it. You make the very best of it, because it is only through handling money, it is only through working for it, it is only through patriotism, through sanctified worldliness, that men become real moralists, deep and strong and wholesome and beautiful. I say again that you bring the spiritual ideal into your worldly life. Says a writer, Why cannot you make the best of things at your feet? What do you want with these great conceptions and ideals? You are like children crying for the moon. Well, I am not sorry for that. I like to hear a child cry for the moon. It will be a sorry thing if ever children cease to cry for the moon, it will. Why, a child crying for the moon is the main-spring of civilization. Sir Isaac Newton, when a child, cried for the moon, and when he was a man he got it, with sun and stars thrown in.

Keep your big thoughts and lofty conceptions, your immortal hopes, and whilst you do this and go through your daily tasks, your nature is being educated into completeness, and through the mists and shadows of time you are laying hold upon that life that is life indeed.

THE FLIGHT OF AUTUMN.

BY WILL FOSTER.

She wanders footsore down the lane,
Her brown eyes wet with tears the while;
She hath no heart to sing again
Her sad heart to beguile.

Her dreaming footstep by the wood
Falters; she turns, and lifts her eyes
To all the waste of solitude,
The cruel, lowering skies.

Oh! she is but a gypsy now
Who was the queen of all the land!
The barley-wreath that bound her brow
Droops from her listless hand.

With bitter thoughts her breast doth swell,
Her lovely sun-tanned cheeks are pale,
Disordered hair and rent robe tell
A melancholy tale.

Full well she knows who follows her,
The grim and grisly-bearded one—
He hunts the hapless wanderer
Until his deed be done!

Last night asleep upon the heath,
His sleety arrows whistled by;
In hearkening fear she held her breath,
And rose in dreams to fly.

Ah! whither shall she turn to-night?
Where still her trembling heart in peace?
They spread strong arms to stay her flight—
The secret, ancient trees.

"Oh, rest," they say, "where you may hear
The sparrows peck the ruddy hips,
And touch the acorns lying near
With slumber-parted lips;

"Where light o'erhead the squirrels leap,
And in and out their stealthy holes
The dusky little woodmice creep
Beneath the rugged boles;

"Where curled in leaves the hedgehog lies
And sleeps away the hungry hours,
While infant bees and butterflies
Dream of unopened flowers!"

Oh! she has filled her hands with leaves,
Crimson and gold, where they be spread;
The rusty bracken too in sheaves
She gathers for her bed.

And soon asleep beneath she lies,
Nor feels all night upon her breast
The snowflakes fall; for her sad eyes
Have found their perfect rest.

—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER I.

Phillip Strong could not decide what it was best to do.

The postman that evening had brought him two letters and he had just finished reading them. He sat with his hands clasped over his knee, leaning back in his chair and looking out through his study window. He was evidently thinking very hard, and the two letters were the cause of his perplexity.

Finally he rose, went to his study door and called down the stairs, "Sarah, I wish you would come up here. I want your help."

"All right, Phillip, I'll be up in a minute," responded a voice from below, and very soon the minister's wife came up-stairs into her husband's study.

"What's the matter, Phillip?" she asked, as she came into the room. "It must be something very serious, for you don't call me up here unless you are in great distress. You remember the last time you called me, you had shut the tassel of your dressing-gown under the lid of your writing desk and I had to cut you loose. You aren't fast anywhere now, are you?"

Phillip smiled quaintly. "Yes, I am. I'm in a strait betwixt two. Let me read these letters and you will see." So he began at once, and we will copy the letters, omitting dates.

MILTON, CALVARY CHURCH.

REV. PHILLIP STRONG,

Dear Sir,—At a meeting of the Milton Calvary Church, held last week, it was voted unanimously to extend to you a call to become pastor of this church at a salary of two thousand dollars a year. We trust that you will find it in accordance with the will of the Head of the Church that you accept this decision on the part of Calvary Church, and become its pastor. The church is in good condition, and has the hearty support of most of the leading families in the town. Both in membership and financially it is the strongest of the principal churches here. We wait your reply, confidently hoping you will decide to come to us. We have been without a settled pastor now for nearly a year, since the death of Dr. B., and we have united upon you as the person most eminently fitted to fill the pulpit of Calvary Church. The grace of our Lord be with you. In behalf of the Church,

WILLIAM WINTER,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

"What do you think of that, Sarah?" asked Phillip Strong, as he finished the letter.

"Two thousand dollars is twice as much as you are getting now, Phillip."

"What, you mercenary little creature, do you think of the salary first?"

"If I did not think of it once in a while, I doubt if you would have a decent meal or a good suit of clothes," replied the minister's wife, looking at him with a smile.

"Oh, well, that may be, Sarah. But let me read the other letter." He went on without discussing the salary matter.

ELMDALE, CHAPEL HILL CHURCH.

REV. PHILLIP STRONG,

Dear Brother,—At a meeting of the Elmdale Chapel Hill Church, held last week Thursday, it was unanimously voted to extend you a call to become pastor of the church at a salary of two thousand dollars a year, with two months' vacation, to be selected at your own convenience. The Chapel Hill Church is in a prosperous condition, and many of the members recall your career in our college with much pleasure. This is an especially strong centre for church work, the proximity of the boys' Academy and the University making the situation one of great power to a man who thoroughly understands and enjoys young men as we know you do. We most earnestly hope you will consider this call, not

as purely formal, but as from the hearts of the people. We are, very cordially yours, in behalf of the Church,

PROFESSOR WELLMAN,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

"The salary is just the same, isn't it ?" said the minister's wife.

"Now, Sarah," said the minister, "if I didn't know what a generous, unselfish heart you really have, I should get vexed at you for talking about the salary as if that were the most important thing."

"The salary is very important, though. But you know, Phillip, I would be as willing as you are to live on no salary if the grocer and butcher would continue to feed us for nothing. I wish from the bottom of my heart that we could live without money."

"It is a bother, isn't it ?" replied Phillip, so gravely that his wife laughed heartily at his tone.

"Which of the two churches do you prefer ?" asked his wife.

"I would rather go to the Chapel Hill Church as far as my preference is concerned."

"Then why not accept their call if that is the way you feel?"

"Because while I should like to go to Elmdale I feel as if I ought to go to Milton."

"Now, Phillip, I don't see why in a choice of this kind you don't do as you feel inclined to do, and accept the call that pleases you most. Why should ministers always be doing what they ought instead of what they like ? You never please yourself."

"Well, Sarah," replied Phillip, good-naturedly, "this is the way of it. The church in Elmdale is in a university town. The atmosphere of the place is scholastic. You know I passed four years of student life there. With the exception of the schools, there are not a thousand people in the village, a quiet, sleepy, dull, retired, studious place. I love the memory of it. I could go there as the pastor of the Elmdale church and preach to an audience of college boys eight months in the year, and to about eighty refined, scholarly, Christian people the rest of the time. I could indulge my taste for reading and writing, and enjoy a quiet pastorate there to the end of my life."

"Then, Phillip, I don't see why you don't reply to their call and tell them you will accept; and we will move at once to Elmdale, and live and die there. It is a beautiful place, and I am sure we could live very comfortably on the salary and the vacation. There is no vacation mentioned in the other call."

"But, on the other hand," continued the minister, almost as if he were alone and arguing with himself, and had not heard his wife's words, "on the other hand, there is Milton, a manufacturing town of eighty thousand people, most of them connected with the mills. It is the centre of much that belongs to the stirring life of the times in which we live. The labour question is there in the lives of those operatives. There are very many churches of different denominations, to the best of my knowledge, all striving after popularity and power. There is much hard, stern work to be done in Milton by the true Church of Christ to apply His teachings to men's needs, and somehow I cannot help hearing a voice, 'Phillip Strong, go to Milton and work for Christ. Abandon your dream of a parish where you may indulge your love of scholarship in the quiet atmosphere of a university town, and plunge into the hard, disagreeable, but necessary work of this age, in the atmosphere of physical labour, where great questions are being discussed, and the masses are engrossed in the terrible struggle for liberty and home, where physical life thrusts itself out into society,

trampling down the spiritual and intellectual, and demanding of the Church and the preacher the fighting powers of giants of God to restore in men's souls a more just proportion of the value of the life of man on the earth.'

"So you see, Sarah," the minister went on after a little pause, "I want to go to Elmdale, but the Lord probably wants me to go to Milton."

Mrs. Strong was silent. She had the utmost faith in her husband that he would do exactly what he knew he ought to do when once he decided what it was. Phillip Strong was also silent a moment. At last he said, "Don't you think so, Sarah?"

"I don't see how we can always tell exactly what the Lord wants us to do. How can you tell that he doesn't want you to go to Elmdale and become pastor of that church?"

"No doubt there is a necessary work to be done there. The only question is, am I the one to do it or is the call to Milton more imperative? The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that I must go to Milton."

"Then," said the minister's wife, rising suddenly, and speaking with a mock seriousness that her husband fully understood, "I don't see why you called me up here to decide what you had evidently settled already. Do you consider that fair treatment, sir? It will serve you right if those biscuits I put in the oven when you called me, are fallen as completely as Babylon. And I will make you eat half a dozen of them, sir, to punish you. We cannot afford to waste anything these times."

"What," cried Phillip, slyly, "not on two thousand dollars a year! But I'll eat the biscuits. They can't possibly be any worse than those we had a week after we were married,—the ones we bought from the bakery, you remember," Phillip added, hastily.

"You saved yourself just in time, then," replied the minister's wife. She came close up to the desk and in a different tone said, "Phillip, you know I believe in you, don't you?"

"Yes," said Phillip simply: "I am sure you do. I am impulsive and impractical, but heart and soul, and body and mind, I simply want to do the will of God. Is it not so?"

"I know it is," she said, "and if you go to Milton it will be because you want to do His will more than to please yourself."

"Yes. Then shall I answer the letter to-night?"

"Yes, if you have decided, with my help, of course."

"Of course, you foolish creature, you know I could not settle it without you. And as for the biscuits—"

"As for the biscuits," said the minister's wife, "they will be settled without me too, if I don't go down and see to them." She hurried downstairs, and Phillip Strong with a smile and a sigh took up his pen and wrote replies to the two calls he had received, refusing the call to Elmdale and accepting the one to Milton. And so the strange story of a great hearted man really began.

Within a week he had moved to Milton, as the church wished him to occupy the pulpit at once. The parsonage was a well-planned house next the church, and his wife soon made everything very homelike. The first Sunday evening after Phillip preached at Milton for the first time, he chatted with his wife over the events of the day as they sat before a cheerful open fire in the large grate. It was late in the fall and the nights were sharp and frosty.

"Are you tired to-night, Phillip?" asked his wife.

"Yes, the day has been rather tiring. Did you think I was nervous? Did I preach as well as usual?" Phillip was not vain in the least. He simply put the question to satisfy his own exacting demand upon himself in preaching. And there was not a person in the world to whom he would have put such a question except his wife.

"No, I thought you did splendidly. I felt proud of you. You made some queer gestures, and once you put one of your hands in your pocket. But your sermons were both strong and effective; I am sure the people were impressed. It was very still at both services."

Phillip was silent a moment. And his wife went on.

"I am sure we shall like this place, Phillip; what do you think?"

"I cannot tell yet. There is very much to do."

"How do you like the church building?"

"It is an easy audience room for my voice. I don't like the arrangement of the choir over the front door. I think the choir ought to be down on the platform in front of the people by the side of the minister."

"That's one of your hobbies, Phillip. But the singing was good, didn't you think so?"

"Yes, the choir is a good one. The congregation doesn't seem to sing much, and I believe in congregational singing even where there is a choir. But we can bring that about in time, I think."

"Now, Phillip," said his wife, in some alarm, "you are not going to meddle with the singing, are you? You will get into trouble. There is a musical committee in the church, and such committees are very sensitive about any interference."

"Well," said Phillip, rousing up a little, "the singing is a very important part of the religious service. And it seems to me I ought to have something important to say about it. But you need not fear, Sarah. I'm not going to try to change everything all at once."

His wife looked at him a little anxiously. She had perfect faith in Phillip's honesty of purpose, but she sometimes had a fear of his impetuous desire to reform the world. After a little pause she spoke again, changing the subject.

"What did you think of the congregation, Phillip?"

"I enjoyed it. I thought it was very attentive. There was a larger number out this evening than I had expected."

"Did you like the looks of the people?"

"They were all very nicely dressed."

"Now, Phillip, you know that isn't what I mean. Did you like the people's faces?"

"You know I like all sorts and conditions of men."

"Yes, but there are audiences, and audiences. Do you think you will enjoy preaching to this one in Calvary Church?"

"I think I shall," replied Phillip, but he said it in a tone that might have meant a great deal more. Again there was silence, and again the minister's wife was the first to break it.

"There was a place in your sermon to-night, Phillip, where you appeared the least bit embarrassed; as you seem sometimes at home when you have some writing or some newspaper article on your mind and some one suddenly interrupts you with a question far from your thoughts. What was the matter? Did you forget a point?"

"No, I'll tell you. From where I stand on the pulpit platform, I can see through one of the windows over the front door. There is a large electric lamp burning

outside, and the light fell directly on the sidewalk, across the street. From time to time groups of people went through that band of light. Of course I could not see their faces very well, but I soon found out that they were mostly the young men and women operatives of the mills. They were out strolling through the street, which I am told is a favourite promenade with them. I should think as many as two hundred passed by the church while I was preaching. Well, after a while I began to ask myself whether there was any possible way of getting those young people to come into the church, instead of strolling past? And then I thought of the people in front of me, and saw how different they were from those outside, and wondered if it wouldn't be better to close up the church and go and preach on the street where the people were. And this carrying on of all that questioning with myself, while I tried to preach, caused a little 'embarrassment,' as you kindly call it, in the sermon."

"I should think so! But how do you know, Phillip, that those people outside were in any need of your preaching?"

Phillip appeared surprised at the question. He looked at his wife, and her face was serious.

"Why, do not all people need preaching? They may not stand in need of my preaching, perhaps, but they ought to have some. And I cannot help thinking of what is the duty of the church in this place, to the great crowd outside. Something ought to be done, I know. And something will be done by Calvary Church, in time. I foresee the need of an immense amount of prayer and work. And I need very much wisdom."

"Phillip, I am sure your work will be blessed, don't you think so?"

"I know it will," replied Phillip, with the calm assurance of a very positive, but spiritually minded man. He never thought his Master was honoured by being asked for small things, or by men doubting the power of Christianity to do great things.

Always when he said "I" he simply meant, not Phillip Strong, but Christ in Phillip Strong. To deny the power and worth of that incarnation was, to his mind, not humility, but treason.

The Sunday following, Phillip made this announcement to his people:

"Beginning with next Sunday morning, I shall give the first of a series of monthly talks on Christ and Modern Society. It will be my object in these talks to suppose Christ himself as the one speaking to modern society on its sins, its needs, its opportunities, its responsibilities, its every-day life. I shall try to be entirely loving and just and courageous in giving what I believe Christ himself would give you if He were the pastor of Calvary Church in Milton to-day. So, during these talks, I wish you would, with me, try to see if you think Christ would actually say what I shall say in His place. Or, rather, what He would say in my place. If Christ were in Milton to-day, I believe He would speak very plainly, and in many cases He might seem to be severe. But it would be for our good. Of course I am but human in my weakness. I shall make mistakes. I shall probably say things which Christ would not say. But always going to the source of all true help, the Spirit of Truth, I shall, as best a man may, speak as I truly believe Christ would if he were your pastor. These talks will be given on the first Sunday of every month. I cannot announce the subjects, for they will be chosen as the opportunities arise."

During the week, Phillip spent

several hours of each day in learning the facts concerning the town. One of the first things he did was to buy an accurate map of the place. He hung it up on the wall of his study, and in after days found occasion to make good use of it. He spent his afternoons walking over the town. He noted with special interest and earnestness the great brick mills by the river, five enormous structures with immense chimneys out of which poured great volumes of smoke. Something about the mills fascinated him. They seemed like monsters of some sort, grim, unfeeling, but terrible. As one walked by them, he seemed to feel the throbbing of the hearts of five living creatures. The unpainted tenements, ugly in their unfailing similarity, affected Phillip with a sense of something like anger. He had a keen and truthful taste in matters of architecture, and those boxes of houses offended every artistic and homelike feeling in him. Coming home one day past the tenements he found himself in an unknown street, and for the curiosity of it he counted the saloons on the street in one block. There were over twelve. There was a policeman on the corner as Phillip reached the crossing, and he inquired of the officer if he could tell him who owned the property in the block containing the saloons.

"I believe most of the houses belong to Mr. Winter, sir."

"Mr. William Winter?" asked Phillip.

"Yes, I think that's his name. He is the largest owner in the Ocean Mill yonder."

Phillip thanked the man and went on towards home. "William Winter!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that man will accept a revenue from the renting of his property to these vestibules of hell? That man! One of the leading members in my church! Chairman of the board of trustees and a leading citizen of the place! It does not seem possible!"

But before the week was out Phillip had found out facts that made his heart burn with shame and roused his indignation. Property in the town which was being used for saloons, gambling-houses, and dens of wickedness, was owned in large part by several of the most prominent members of his church. There was no doubt of the fact. Phillip, whose very nature was frankness itself, resolved to go to these men and have a plain talk with them about it. It seemed to him like a monstrously evil thing that a Christian believer, a church-member, should be renting his property to these dens of vice, and taking the money. He called on Mr. Winter; but he was out of town and would not be back until Saturday night. He went to see another member who was a large shareholder in one of the mills, and a heavy property owner. It was not a pleasant thing to do, but Phillip boldly stated the precise reason for his call, and asked if it was true that he rented several houses in a certain block where saloons and gambling-houses were numerous. The man looked at Phillip, turned red, and finally said it was a fact, but none of Phillip's business.

"My dear brother," said Phillip, with a sad but kindly smile, "you cannot imagine what it costs me to come to you about this matter. In one sense, it may seem to you like an impertinent meddling in your business. In another sense, it is only what I ought to do as pastor of a church which is dearer to me than my life. And I have come to you as a brother in Christ to ask if it seems to you like a thing which Christ would approve that you, His disciple, should allow the property which has come into

your hands that you may use it for His glory and the building up of His kingdom, to be used by the agents of the devil while you reap the financial benefit. Is it right, my brother?"

The man to whom the question was put made the usual excuses, that if he did not rent to these people, other men would, that there was no call for the property for other purposes, and if it were not rented to objectionable people it would lie empty at a dead loss, and so forth. To all of which Phillip opposed the plain will of God, that all a man has should be used in clean and honest ways, and He could never sanction the getting of money through such immoral channels. The man was finally induced to acknowledge that it was not just the right thing to do, and especially for a church-member. But, when Phillip pressed him to give up the whole iniquitous revenue, and clear himself of all connection with it, the property owner looked aghast.

"Why, Mr. Strong, do you know what you ask? Two-thirds of the most regular part of my income is derived from these rents. It is out of the question for me to give them up. You are too nice in the matter. All the property owners in Milton do the same thing. There isn't a man of any means in the church who isn't deriving some revenue from this source. Why, a large part of your salary is paid from these very rents. You will get into trouble if you try to meddle in this matter. I don't take offence. I think you have done your duty. And I confess it doesn't seem exactly the thing. But, as society is organized, I don't see that we can change the matter. Better not try to do anything about it, Mr. Strong. The church likes you, and it will support you handsomely; but men are very touchy when their private business is meddled with."

Phillip sat listening to this speech, and his face grew white, and he clenched his hands tighter as the man went on. When he had finished, Phillip spoke in a low voice:

"Mr. Bentley, you do not know me, if you think any fear of the consequences will prevent my speaking to the members of my church on any matter where it seems to me I ought to speak. In this particular matter, I believe it is not only my right, but my duty to speak. I should be shamed before my Lord and Master, if I did not declare His will in regard to the uses of property. This question passes over from one of private interest, with which I have no right to meddle, into the domain of public safety, where I have a right to demand that places which are fatal to the life and morals of the young men and women of the town, shall not be encouraged and allowed to flourish through the use of property owned and controlled by men of influence in the community, and especially by the members of Chirst's body which he prayed might be without spot or wrinkle or any defilement. My brother," Phillip went on, after a painful pause, "before God, in whose presence we shall stand at last, am I not right in my view of this matter? Would not Christ say to you just what I am now saying?"

Mr. Bentley shrugged his shoulders and said something about not trying to mix up business and religion. Phillip sat looking at the man, reading him through and through, his heart almost bursting in him at the thought of what a man would do for the sake of money. At last he saw that he would gain nothing by prolonging the argument. He rose, and with

the same sweet frankness which characterized his opening of the subject, he said, "Brother, I wish to tell you that it is my intention to speak of this matter next Sunday, in the first of my talks on Christ and Modern Society. I believe it is something He would talk about in public, and I will speak of it as I think He would."

"You must do your duty, of course, Mr. Strong," replied Mr. Bentley, somewhat coldly; and Phillip went out, feeling as if he had grappled with his first dragon in Milton, and found him to be a very ugly one and hard to kill. What hurt him as much as the lack of spiritual fineness of apprehension of evil in his church-member, was the knowledge that, as Mr. Bentley so carelessly put it, his salary was largely paid out of the rentals of those vile abodes. He grew sick at heart as he dwelt upon the disagreeable fact; and as he came back to the parsonage and went up to his cosy study, he groaned to think that it was supported by the money that men paid for the ruin of their souls.

"And this, because society is as it is!" he exclaimed, as he buried his face in his hands and leaned his elbows on his desk, while his cheeks flushed and his heart quivered at the thought of the filth and vileness the money had seen and heard which paid for the very desk at which he wrote his sermons.

But Phillip Strong was not one to give way at the first feeling of seeming defeat. Neither did he harshly condemn his members. He wondered at their lack of spiritual life; but, to his credit be it said, he did not harshly condemn. Only, as Sunday approached, he grew more clear in his own mind as to his duty in the matter. Expediency whispered to him, "Better wait. You have just come here. The people like you now. To launch out into a crusade against this thing immediately, will only cause unpleasant feelings, and do no good. There are so many of your members involved that it will certainly alienate their support, and possibly lead to your losing your place as pastor, if it do not drive away the most influential members."

To all this plea of expediency Phillip replied, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" He said to himself, that he might as well let the people know what he was, at the very first. It was not necessary that he should be their pastor, if they would none of him. It was necessary that he preach the truth boldly. The one question he asked himself was, "Would Jesus Christ, if He were pastor of Calvary Church in Milton to-day, speak of the matter next Sunday, and speak regardless of all consequences?" Phillip asked the question honestly; and, after long prayer and much communion with his Divine Master, he said, "Yes, I believe He would." It is possible that he might have gained his end by working with his members in private. Another man might have pursued that method, and still have been a courageous, true minister. But this is the story of Phillip Strong, not of another man, and this is what he did.

When Sunday morning came, he went into his pulpit with the one thought in mind, that he would simply and frankly, in his presentation of the subject, use the language and the spirit of his Master. He had seen several other property owners during the week, and his interviews were nearly all similar to the one with Mr. Bentley. He had not been able to see Mr. William Winter, the chairman of the trustees, as he had not returned home until very late Saturday night. Phillip saw him come into the church that morning, just as the choir rose to sing the an-

them. He was a large, fine-looking man. Phillip admired his physical appearance, as he marched down the aisle to his pew, which was the third from the front, directly before the pulpit.

When the hymn had been sung, the offering taken, the prayer made, Phillip stepped out at one side of the pulpit and reminded the congregation that, according to his announcement of a week before, he would give the first of his series of monthly talks on Christ and Modern Society. His subject this morning, he said, was "The Right and Wrong Uses of Property."

He started out with the statement, which he claimed was verified everywhere in the Word of God, that all property that men acquire is really only in the nature of trust funds, which the property holder is in duty bound to use as a steward. The gold is God's. The silver is God's. The cattle on a thousand hills. All land and water privileges, and all the wealth of the earth and of the seas belong primarily to the Lord of all the earth. When any of this property comes within the control of a man, he is not at liberty to use it as if it were his own, and his alone, but as God would have him use it, to better the condition of life, and make men and communities happier and more useful.

From this statement Phillip went on to speak of the common idea which men had, that wealth and houses and lands were their own, to do with as they pleased; and he showed what misery and trouble had always flowed out of this great falsehood, and how nations and individuals were to-day in the greatest distress, because of the wrong uses to which God's property was put by men who had control of it. It was easy then to narrow the argument to the condition of affairs in Milton. As he stepped from the general to the particular, and began to speak of the rental of saloons and houses of gambling from property owners in Milton, and then characterized such a use of God's property as wrong and un-Christian, it was curious to note the effect on the congregation. Men who had been listening complacently to Phillip's eloquent but quiet statements, as long as he confined himself to historical facts, suddenly became aware that the tall, noble-faced, resolute and loving young preacher up there was talking right at them; and more than one mill-owner, merchant, real-estate dealer, and even professional man, writhed inwardly, and nervously shifted in his cushioned pew, as Phillip spoke in the plainest terms of the terrible example set the world by the use of property for purposes which were destructive to all true society, and a shame to civilization and Christianity.

Phillip controlled his voice and his manner admirably, but he drove the truth home and spared not. His voice at no time rose above a quiet conversational tone, but it was clear, and his utterance was distinct. The audience sat hushed in the spell of a genuine sensation as Phillip went on; and the sensation deepened when, at the close of a tremendous sentence, which swept through the church like a red-hot flame, Mr. Winter suddenly arose in his pew, passed out into the aisle, and walked deliberately down and out of the door. Phillip saw him and knew the reason, but went straight on with his message, and no one, not even his anxious wife, who endured martyrdom for him that morning, could detect any disturbance in Phillip from the mill-owner's contemptuous withdrawal.

When Phillip closed with a prayer of tender appeal that the Spirit of Truth would make all

hearts to behold the truth as one soul, the audience remained seated longer than usual, still under the influence of the subject, and the morning's sensational service. All through the day Phillip felt a certain strain on him, which did not subside even when the evening service was over. Very many of the members, notably several of the mothers, thanked him, with tears in their eyes, for his morning message. Very few of the men talked with him. Mr. Winter did not come out to the evening service, although he was one of the very few men members who were invariably present. Phillip noted his absence, but preached with his usual enthusiasm. He thought a larger number of strangers were present than he had seen the Sunday before. He was very tired when the day was over.

The next morning, as he was getting ready to go out for a visit to one of the mills, the bell rang. He was near the door and opened it. There stood Mr. Winter. "I should like to see you a few moments, Mr. Strong, if you can spare the time," said the mill-owner, without offering to take the hand Phillip extended.

"Certainly. Will you come up to my study?" asked Phillip, quietly.

The two men went upstairs, and Phillip shut the door, as he motioned Mr. Winter to a seat, and then sat down opposite.

JOHN WESLEY—AN APPRECIATION.

BY PRESIDENT ROGERS.

The world loves a great and good man. It does not always accord him immediate recognition, but when once accorded, it follows after, holds him in honour and reverence. Orators sound his praises, poets immortalize his name, sculptors and painters are ready with the marble and the canvas to perpetuate for succeeding generations his form and features. Carlyle was right when he said: "Hero-worship never dies, nor can die. Loyalty and sovereignty are everlasting in the world." Longfellow has said:

> "When a great man dies,
> For years beyond our ken,
> The light he leaves behind him lies
> Upon the paths of men."

And so Wesley has not been forgotten. The light he left behind him has not faded out as the century has waned, but has been growing more resplendent as the years have passed, and it still lies, and long will continue to lie, "upon the paths of men," brightening their way to the kingdom of heaven. Nay, the echo of Wesley's footsteps comes resounding down the century, and it can be heard above the tramp of the millions. That echo is heard in every part of the habitable globe, even in the wilds of darkest Africa, where Bishop Taylor's heroic little band are camping, the advance-guard of the army of the Lord.

They tell us that in Europe, in some of the old galleries of art, the sight-seer without lifting his eyes to the picture can tell when he stands before one of the great masterpieces, as the marble floors are most worn in front of the greatest pictures, where, for hundreds of years, the most feet have moved to and fro in studying in different lights and shadows the artist's work. So in the gallery of Methodism the marble floor is most

worn before the picture of John Wesley. There all Methodists pause reverently to meditate.

Most religious reformers have come not from homes of luxury filled with sunshine and the fragrance of costly flowers, but from homes where poverty has made them familiar with the stern realities of life. From such a home came forth John Knox and Calvin. From such a home came George Fox, whose father was a weaver, and Luther, whose father was a miner. And in a home of poverty John Wesley was reared. But even the Lord was born in a stable, and chose poor Galilean fishermen for his apostles. It has been wisely ordered by the providence that shaped their destiny that great spiritual captains should be nursed in wintry whirlwinds, in desolate darkness, and amid hardship and difficulty, that they might at last step forth strong and true men, capable of giving battle to the forces of evil.

And if John Wesley had had the power to anticipate Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' advice to select excellent ancestors, he could hardly have succeeded more admirably, notwithstanding the poverty that was their lot. Wesley's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were educated at Oxford. But to his mother more especially was he indebted for the rare qualities which he possessed. It is said that men understood Goethe's greatness when they looked on the face of his mother. Most great men have had great mothers, and Wesley's was no exception to the rule. She was a lady by birth and breeding, a beautiful and accomplished woman, the daughter of a minister who had been styled "the St. Paul of the dissenters." She was a woman of rare gifts, of strong character, and of intense piety. Adam Clark has said of her: "Such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted."

In personal appearance John Wesley was small of stature and slender of frame. He measured less than five feet six inches in height, and weighed not more than 125 pounds. He had an eye which is said to have been "the brightest and most piercing that can be conceived," and a countenance that was "singularly beautiful and expressive." He was always scrupulously neat in his person and habits, and his manners were those of a scholar and a gentleman. He had a quiet dignity of manner that never forsook him. In his old age his appearance has been likened to that of an apostle. He was a man of magnetic personality, and those who were brought within his influence were strangely drawn toward him. His disposition was cheerful, and in his old age he could write: "I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for a quarter of an hour since I was born." Although he lived eighty-seven years he seems to have enjoyed health and vigour to the last.

First of all, Wesley was under all circumstances a gentleman. One who knew him well has said that he never helped poor people in the street without removing his hat to them when they thanked him.

John Wesley was a scholar. He won distinction in the University of Oxford, and the room he then occupied is still known as "Wesley's room," and the creeping vine on the wall is called "Wesley's vine." It is not every one who graduates from a university that becomes a scholar. Whitefield was educated at Oxford too, but he cannot be compared with Wesley for depth or range of knowledge. Wesley seems to have had a genius for language, and early formed the

practice of conversing in Latin, and continued it to the end of life. He compiled grammars in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and French. As an author he possessed an admirable style, and it has been said that no writer, with the exception of Addison, wrote better English. He was not without merit as a poet, but in this respect he was inferior to his brother Charles. And for that matter, who was not? He certainly might have attained fame in the republic of letters had he so desired.

"This rounded scholar might have hid apart
In sheltering cloister, from the moil and din
Of seething life, but it o'erleaped all bars,
Bidding him forth to deal with common sin."

Wesley had great oratorical power. He had not the eloquence of St. Chrysostom of "the golden-mouth," neither did he have Whitefield's wonderful gift of elocution, so that he could by the very tones of his voice move an audience to tears, irrespective of the thoughts which his words conveyed. But no preacher of that century produced such an effect upon the conscience as Wesley did. Whitefield was an impassioned and dramatic orator. Charles Wesley was deeply emotional. John Wesley addressed himself to the reason of his hearers, and his appeal was irresistible. Often as he preached "God bowed the heavens and came down; the rocks were broken in pieces, and the mountains flowed down at his presence." Thousands flocked to listen to his words, and on a single occasion he preached to more than 30,000 people.

"How thronged the multitude to hear that speech!
To feel the hand that probed such secret springs;
That scorched the quivering sinner with 'Repent,'
Or lifted faith on strange, ecstatic wings."

As an evangelist Wesley was pre-eminent.

The condition of England at the time Wesley entered upon his career, was one of spiritual desolation. Never had there been a time so void of faith. It was at a time when Paley, addressing the young clergymen of his diocese, found it desirable to advise them "not to get drunk, or to frequent alehouses, but to avoid profligate habits, and not to be seen at drunken feasts or barbarous diversions." In satiric reference to the prevailing immorality of those times, Lady Montague wrote that she understood a bill was being prepared for presentation to parliament to have "not" taken out of the commandments and inserted in the creed.

Wesley was tolerant of the opinions of those who disagreed with him, and never outraged liberty of conscience. In this respect he was like Luther and unlike both Knox and Calvin. He recognized the fact that one might differ with him in religion, and yet be as pious as he was himself. "I will not," he writes, "quarrel with you about any opinion, only see that your heart be right toward God, that you know and love Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbour, and walk as your Master walked. I desire no more. I am sick of opinions."

If ever a man had a genius for hard work it was John Wesley. No man ever had greater capacity in this direction than did he. In the fifty years of his ministerial life he preached 40,000 sermons, travelled 250,000 miles, and put forth not less than 200 publications.

John Wesley had in a conspicuous degree the three qualities which Emerson has said attract the reverence of mankind—disinterestedness, practical power, and courage. His disinterestedness is shown in his habitual sacrifice of

those things which most men count dear unto themselves. He left the halls of a venerable university to tread the mire of the lanes and by-ways that he might win to the Master the common people of his country. He was as indifferent to money as was ever Socrates, or Gregory, or Calvin. He accumulated no property, but distributed among the poor whatever he received above his necessities. He acted on this principle from the beginning to the end of his career, giving away $150,000, and died as Cardinal Manning said a priest of God ought to die, "without money and without debts."

His practical power is shown in the manner in which he organized and controlled his society. Surely no greater compliment need be paid to his talent in this direction than to quote Macaulay's opinion that he had as great a genius for government as Richelieu. His courage was great. He never could have faltered as Cranmer faltered. His moral courage is shown in the manner in which he bore the contumely and the reproach of the learned and the aristocratic. His physical courage is shown in the manner in which he faced ignorant and brutal mobs, while stones flew about him on every side, with a physical courage not less sublime. He has recorded in his journal how his "heart was filled with love, his eyes with tears, and his mouth with arguments," as he stood on one of these occasions looking into the faces of the rabble. Like Socrates and Paul he bore the persecutions of the multitude. He spent much of his life in clouds and storm. So true is it that—

> "He who ascends the mountain-tops shall find
> The loftiest peak most wrapped in clouds and storms
> Though high above the sun of glory shines,
> And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
> Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
> Contending tempests on his naked head."

In the gentleness of his nature, Wesley may be likened to Melancthon. He was more refined than Luther, who had a rough nature, and was oftentimes offensively rude and brusque. He was not cold, unsocial, and ungenial as Calvin was. His kindness of heart, his amiability of temper, and affability of demeanour made him everywhere a welcome guest. Great men are often dull and insipid in conversation, as Addison, Descartes, and Dryden are said to have been. But Wesley was peculiarly pleasing in conversation. Dr. Johnson, who is considered the greatest talker of the eighteenth century, pronounced him enchanting in this respect. Like Luther, and unlike Calvin, he was fond of poetry and of music. He showed ill judgment in the selection of a wife, but so did Socrates, Job, John Milton, and other great men, the list of whose names would equal Homer's catalogue of the ships.

Wesley may be compared with Loyola as a great reformer and organizer. Loyola, like Wesley, instituted one of the most memorable religious movements recorded in history. The one sought to create a new spiritual life within the Roman Church; the other sought the same end within the Anglican Church. Both created religious societies which have had a wonderful influence upon the thought and conduct of mankind. Both secured the absolute veneration of their followers. But while the society which Loyola founded became the most potent religious organization of the world, the principles upon which it was established were hostile to liberty and the progress of human kind. Even the Pope himself was compelled to suppress it as being fatal to the existence of any government. Wesley placed no fetters on the human mind, and the society which he founded has ever shown itself the friend of human progress

and of all that tends to promote the welfare of the race.

Wesley may be compared with Voltaire, who was his contemporary. From the character of the one there sounded forth the music of a divine harmony. From that of the other there came a clang as of a breaking chord. The genius and character of the one brought sweetness and purity into English life. The individual genius of the other brought into the life of France bitterness and vice. When Wesley was born Englishmen had almost ceased to care whether they had a religion, for those were the times which the poet described when he wrote the lines:

> "I dreamed a dream, last Christmas eve,
> Of a people whose God was make-believe;
> A dream of an old faith shrunk to a guess,
> And a Christian church and nation and press,
> Who believed they believed it—more or less."

But Wesley made religion prominent in the life and thought of the people of England. It ceased to be a guess, and became a living reality. He established their faith on the Rock of Ages. Wesley enthroned the Christian religion in England. Voltaire dethroned it for the time being in France. The people of France abolished it by law; they ordered the Bible burned by the public hangman, and voted death an eternal sleep. France, under the influence of Voltaire's teachings, drifted upon the sea of revolution. England, under the direction of Wesley, found itself in the midst of a revolution.

What a difference was there in these two revolutions. The one was peaceable and glorious, a religious revolution. The other was turbulent, bloody, and disastrous, a civil revolution. As France floated on the sea of revolution, and as the ocean swelled, and the air darkened, and the sky blackened with the tempest, and the thunders rolled, the people realized that in throwing away the Bible they had thrown overboard their chart and compass. Voltaire could transform Paris, the seat of art and of elegance, into a slaughter-house, but he could not overthrow the Christian religion; and to-night, as when Voltaire was a boy there, the chapel bell in the Rue St. Jaques summons the people to worship. On the other hand, Wesley wrought such a peaceful revolution as in real importance to England is regarded as far transcending those splendid victories by land and sea won by the elder Pitt, which constitute "the dazzling episodes of the reign of George II." Voltaire destroyed the moral consciousness of France, while Wesley recreated the moral consciousness of England.

This great man as he came to the end of his career might have said with the great apostle: "Are they ministers of Christ? I am more; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. . . . Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned. . . . In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in fastings often. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."

As we contemplate the life, character, and service of John Wesley, shall we not exclaim: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things!" And shall we not praise God that he gave to the world such a man as John Wesley. "Blessing and honour, glory and

power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever." Among England's great dead in Westminster Abbey, a monument has been reared to Wesley's memory; but the Methodist Church of the world is his monument, and his name will live until—

"Seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay.
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away."

—North Western Christian Advocate.

THE MAN TRAP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN LONDON."

CHAPTER VII.

HIS DEAD CHILD.

Now Joanna gave up all thought of returning to her old home. She shrank from the idea of it. Sir Andrew and Lady Drummond had tried to persuade her not to go to London. She thought it must be because they knew to what degradation her son had fallen. They had slain her son, and she never wished to see their faces again. The place was embittered to her, and she wrote to none of her old neighbours; it was impossible to tell them the truth, and she would not write a lie.

But she felt more friendless and lonely. Mrs. Christie was gone to live near her daughter at the other end of London, and she had made no other acquaintance in the court. Until this fatal discovery was made she had always felt that she had good and powerful friends who would be glad to help her, if she needed help, but this was at an end; she must fight the battle alone, with none but God to help her.

The little money she had brought with her was soon spent, all but Sir Andrew's five-pound note, and she shrank from using that. It seemed like blood-money paid for her son's ruined life, and the very sight of it was a pain to her. Yet she did not like to send it back, and it lay there at the bottom of her big box, which was now getting more and more empty; for Joanna had been driven to that dismal bank of the poor, the pawnshop.

It was an event to her when she first crossed the door-sill of the pawn-broker's shop, and handed a tidy bundle over the counter of cleaner contents than the shopman was in the habit of receiving. Ally had taken her in with all the ease and confidence of a child quite at home in business like this; but Joanna had felt covered with shame, and fancied every eye was upon her as she left the dingy shop. But now this shame was wearing away with use, and the possessions that had made Ally think her "a rich lady" were going one by one into pawn, with but little chance of being redeemed.

Christmas came and went. In Gibraltar Court the birth of our Lord was celebrated by somewhat deeper drinking and more numerous quarrels. John came home drunk every night of Christmas week, and lay like a log in his corner of the garret, with the coarse, dull, maudlin look of a drunkard on the face she had so often gazed at with a mother's pride. The baby was ailing more than usual, and sometimes he was sober enough to curse it as it lay wailing in his mother's arms. It was better for him to be dead drunk, and

snore and grunt like a pig in its stye, than be sober enough to curse the innocent suffering victim of his vices. Joanna's heart was sore and heavy for him and his children; last of all for herself.

The New Year came, and as the days grew longer the cold became more bitter. A sharp winter! But every winter is sharp to those who have not bread enough to eat, or clothes to wear, or fire to warm themselves. All her grandchildren were suffering, starving, in their icy-cold garret, and with their scanty food. The parish doctor came to see the baby, and told her she ought to be thankful it was dying, and the sooner it died the shorter would be its misery. When he was gone she left the little creature in Ally's charge, and went out, as so many women do, to waylay the bread-winner of the family before all his earnings have been lost in the gin-palace. But she was too late. John was already at the counter of the Gibraltar Arms, and the money that ought to have been spent on food for his starving children was being swept into Sir Andrew Drummond's till.

"It's a horrible thing," thought Joanna, "to have a sot for a son!"

The time had come when she could no longer keep the five-pound note unbroken. The lives of her grandchildren and her own life seemed to depend upon it. To-morrow she would go from house to house begging for work, though she must leave the dying baby under Ally's care alone. But to-night she must get them food before they could go to sleep. It was pitiful to see little children go starving all day long. She went home to the big box, and raised the lid, with a pang at its bareness. The note lay quite at the bottom, in the same envelope as the last letter she had received from John, telling her of his wife's death. With tremulous fingers she drew out the contents of the black-edged envelope. The letter was there, but the note was gone!

"It's my son that has taken it!" she cried with a bitter cry.

There was a noise as if the latch of the door was shaking, and she looked up and saw him stealthily watching her, with bleared and watery eyes. He seemed to shrink back, and flinch like a beaten hound.

"John!" she said, "you've robbed me, your mother. Did you ever think what it 'ud be if I lived to curse you?"

"No, no, mother!" he whined, "you'll never do that."

"It'll be my death if I do," she answered.

But whilst she turned aside to hide her tears, he stole softly away again, to get out of the sight of her eyes, and the sound of her voice. She was growing a little deaf with age, and did not hear his footfall on the creaking stairs. When she turned round he was gone, and she sat down before the empty grate, with the baby on her knees, and bade Ally and Johnny go to bed. A feeble light from a farthing candle fell upon the baby's withered face, and when it stretched its tiny limbs upon her lap, and looked up to her with a wan and quivering smile as if it loved her, and so died, Joanna felt that this at least was a mercy from heaven. She thanked God the child was dead.

The pale, puny corpse was lying at perfect rest on the lid of his mother's box the next morning, when John Fleming awoke from his drunken torpor, and Ally and Johnny were standing beside it, looking at it with silent awe. He sprang up, and tottering across the floor, sank down on his knees beside his dead child. It was a miserable sight to see, the little face so old and withered, and the

starveling limbs, and the piteous bare head, where pretty curls ought to have been clustering. His sobs resounded through the garret.

"You didn't curse me, mother?" he asked, "if you curse me it'll be all over with me."

"No, my dear!" she replied, "I couldn't find it in my heart to curse you, even then; but, oh! you drinking men don't know what you do."

"Ay! we know, mother," he answered; "we know well enough. Don't think we don't know; and it's like the flames of hell to some of us. I'm starving my own little children almost to death—this one has died for my sin already—and I'm breaking your heart, yes! and my own. But when I pass by those places I forget it all. There's everything to be had in them—light, and warmth, and drink, and forgetfulness—and you're like a king for a time. And there's something inside me urging me, and driving me to go in. If you were always there, mother, perhaps you could get me by. But they stand so thick on the ground! It isn't as if there was one here, and another a long way off, as soon as I've passed by one, there's another, and I've no time to keep to my resolution. But don't you never curse me, promise me that."

"Yes," she said, "I'll promise. But, oh! if you'd only determine never to go in, and ask God to help you."

"I've done it scores of times, and I've asked God to help me," he said, half sulkily, "but He doesn't hear folks like me. He hearkens to grand people like the Drummonds, and makes 'em rich, and let's 'em build churches to His honour and glory. He can't listen to them and to us miserable sinners in Gibraltar Court, with the devil's church at the corner. Don't you trust in that, mother."

"I don't trust in anything else," she answered, sighing.

CHAPTER VIII.

HER VISITOR.

For a few weeks, while the shame of having stolen his mother's money, and the sorrow for his dead child was still fresh in his mind, John Fleming brought the greater part of his scanty earnings home, keeping only a fourth of them, whatever the sum might be, for his own spending. Joanna herself got a little work to do now and then at a baker's house, and was allowed to run up a score for bread, which she paid for by her labour. Ally and Johnny should not be famished if she could help it.

But one day at the stable-yard, a gentleman, for whose horse John had done some specially clever service, threw him a five-shilling piece, a larger tip than he had received for years. So much was he elated by it, that instead of taking it straight home, as he had lately done after his day's work, he went first to the Gibraltar Arms, and did not leave it until he was once again in a state of utter drunkenness. He made no further effort to reform after this fatal day. His mother and children must look out for themselves.

Slowly there grew in his clouded brain and besotted mind a feeling of resentment against his mother. He looked on her as a spy upon him, always treasuring up in her memory his sins against her and his children. Why had she left her own home in the country, and flung herself upon him? He had burdens enough without having to keep her. There would have been some sense if she had stayed at home, and he could have sent the children to her to be taken care of.

He brooded over these thoughts night and day. All natural affection was dying out of his heart. Long ago he had felt his young children a burden; now he began to hate them, and hating them, he hated his mother also. Her age was beginning to tell upon her, in the absence of even necessary food and warmth. Her eyes grew dim; and her ears dull; and her body, once so strong, trembled as if she was always shivering from head to foot with cold. He could see her white head shaking, as he lay in bed of a morning, while she kindled a fire to boil the kettle by; a fire which must be carefully put out as soon as that was done. All her decent clothes were gone, and she looked as wretched as the other women in the court. None of her old neighbours would have known her again, if it had not been for the old pleasant smile that still came at times to her face. But John nursed his resentment and anger against her. She was a foolish woman, this old mother of his. Why did she not go back to her own place?

Joanna had not written to any of her old neighbours after the first letter telling of her safe journey to London, nor had she heard from any of them, and her former life was becoming like a dream to her. But one day, whilst it was still winter, though the evenings were growing lighter, she heard Ally and Johnny talking in great excitement at the window.

"Oh! such a grand carriage! such a fine lady!" cried Ally, "and it's stopping here! Come and look, granny!"

She went listlessly to the window to please the children. But there in the court below stood a carriage with two horses, a coachman and footman protected from the cold by thick coats and fur tippets, and a lady making inquiries from the crowd that had gathered round her. Joanna knew her too well; it was Lady Drummond.

She did not know what to do; nothing could be done. She stood at the open door waiting till Lady Drummond, assisted by her footman, came up the lower staircases, and then climbed the last one alone. The garret was as bare as when Joanna came; but not so dirty. She had conquered some of the difficulties that surround the very poor in the way of cleanliness. Such panes of glass as were left in the window were clean, and there was no dust upon the floor; but all the signs of pinching poverty were there. No fire, no food, no furniture; a bare hole for shelter, and that was all.

"Is that you, Joanna?" asked Lady Drummond, doubtfully.

"Yes, it's me, my lady," she answered.

Lady Drummond entered the chilly garret. She was about Joanna's age, but she looked ten years younger. Her warm black velvet cloak was lined with costly sable, and the soft white lace on her bonnet, which was so becoming to her face, had cost what would have seemed a fortune to most of the women in Gibraltar Court. She shook hands affectionately with Joanna, and sat down on the broken chair as if she intended to stay some time.

"I was driving not far from here," she said, "and I could not be so near without coming to see you."

Joanna could not speak. The thought of all she had suffered, and those about her were suffering, from the public-house on the corner, which belonged to this gentle, kindly lady, came across her with too much vividness. She leaned against her box, swaying to and fro, and wringing her hands. This trial was more than she could bear; she had hoped never to see

any one again who had known her in former days.

"Joanna," cried Lady Drummond, "what is the matter? Surely you know I am your friend. Tell me what does all this mean?"

"Run away, Ally and Johnny," she said, when her voice came to her, "go down and look at the fine carriage."

She waited till they were out of hearing. The footman was standing on the landing below, and she came back closer to Lady Drummond, speaking in a low, unsteady voice.

"Oh, my lady!" she said, "don't you know how you get your riches?"

"What do you mean, Joanna?" she asked.

"Don't you know," she went on, "that the place at the corner, where all the folks about here spend most o' their wages in drink, belongs to you! And there are dozens more, the same kind o' places, all belonging to you. And fathers, aye! and mothers, get drunk in them; and the little children are famished and starved because the money goes in drink. Look at this room, my lady; we've got no fire, nothing to eat, scarcely any clothes, no beds; we are living like savages, not like Christians; and why? Because my son, John, my dear, dear son, spends every penny he gets in your gin-palace."

"Hush! hush! Joanna!" cried Lady Drummond, holding up her hands as if to compel her to silence.

"I can't hush now," she said, almost wildly, "my little grandchild died whilst my son was too drunk to know it. It had never known for a moment what a baby's health and a baby's gladness ought to be; and now it's seeing the face of God, and maybe telling Him all about its life down here. My heart is breaking, my lady. And you, you've got everything your heart can desire. But I would not change places with you, and know I was made rich and happy with the lives of men and women, lost through me, body and soul. Forgive me if I speak too plain; but it's all true, my lady, all true."

Her voice was broken with sobs, and now she stopped. Lady Drummond looked round the bare dreary room, and gazed more closely at the old woman's changed appearance. She could hardly believe that this was the Joanna Fleming, who had left West Woodlands only five months ago. And this miserable complaint of hers, how sad it was! What could she do for her?

"Joanna," she said kindly, "this question of the liquor traffic is a national question; quite beyond your understanding and mine. We cannot interfere with the liberty of the people, and you know we don't compel them to come in and spend their money. The place is there like any other place of business, and they go in or stay away as they choose. But you and I are old friends, Joanna, we've known one another these last twenty years. Let me do what a friend can do for you. Your old cottage is empty still, come back, and bring your son and grandchildren with you, or come alone, if they won't come. You will be happy again in your old home."

"I could never be happy again there," she answered, "and I couldn't take anything off you, my lady. It's like blood-money to me. I'd ha' sent Sir Andrew back his parting gift, but John stole it from me to buy drink with. No; I couldn't take nothing from your hands, now I know how the money is got. Yet I mean no offence, my lady. God Almighty knows I mean no harm to you, or yours. Only I couldn't take anything that came across the counter of what John calls a devil's church."

"That's hard on me, Joanna," said Lady Drummond.

"Is it?" she asked, wistfully; "but it's not as hard as hearing your little children moaning in their sleep for bread, and seeing them die in misery. No, nor as hard as fearing your little girls will go upon the streets as soon as they grow up. It's harder on us than on you, my lady."

Lady Drummond drove away from Gibraltar Court, distressed and saddened. She always was distressed and saddened if she attempted to visit the poor in London. Their misery was as great a mystery to her as it had been to Joanna when she first came from the country. She did not look at the Gibraltar Arms as she passed by. All those questions were settled by her husband and sons. But amidst all the luxury that wealth could bring her, she was troubled at heart for the sins and degradation of the poor. She felt this far more after her short visit to her old friend Joanna Fleming, in the midst of the squalid wretchedness on which her own fortune was founded. But it did not occur to her that perhaps in the sight of God the sin and degradation of the tempters were even greater than those of the tempted.

CHAPTER IX.

HER BREAKING HEART.

As soon as John Fleming turned into the Gibraltar Arms, he was greeted by the man behind the counter with the news that Lady Drummond herself had been to visit his mother. There was a general impression in the court that Joanna had plenty of money; so strong was this impression that he had been able to run up a score at the Gibraltar Arms, which had been paid off by part of the five-pound note he had stolen from his mother. He went home immediately, and burst into the garret with an air of boisterous good humour.

"So my lady's been to see you, mother," he said; "what did she give you?"

"Nothing, John," she answered, sadly.

"Nothing!" he repeated, "when she saw there was no fire, no food, nor anything. Nothing!"

"I wouldn't take a farthing from her," continued Joanna. "I never took charity in my life, and it's no charity when it comes out of a gin-palace."

He felt so angry he could hardly refrain from striking her. Lady Drummond had been there, and his mother had insulted her by refusing to take what she had offered. He was turning away with a muttered oath when his eye fell upon Ally and Johnny in the corner, holding their fingers tightly clasped. There was something in Johnny's little hand.

"What have you brats got there?" he asked; "come here and show me."

But the children shrank away from him, and Ally burst into tears as her father approached her.

"What have you got, my dears?" asked their grandmother.

"Oh! it's a shilling the fine lady gave me," cried Ally, "and father's going to take it from me; I know he will."

"And she gave me a shilling, too," put in Johnny, triumphantly.

"Give them over to me," said their father, "and I'll give you two shillings apiece to-morrow."

"No," answered Johnny; "I'm going to get drunk with it like you, father. I'll always be drunk when I'm a big man."

For his only answer his father knocked the child down, and amidst cries and kicks forced him to open his hand. Ally ran for

refuge to her grandmother, but at a whisper from her when her father turned upon her, she offered him her shilling silently. Neither did his mother speak, and he dared not meet her gaze. He went off muttering; and Joanna was left alone to comfort the weeping children.

But who could comfort her? The only hope that lay before her now was that there would be peace and rest for her after death. She had lost all hope of reclaiming her son. His love for her and his children—the mere natural affections—had been destroyed by the demon drink. If these were gone, what could save him? And he was her boy, her only son, dearer to her yet, in spite of all, than her life. She would gladly lay down her life for him.

He came home late, for the public house did not close till eleven o'clock. There was a keen east wind blowing in gusts, which froze the sails of all the vessels on the river, and drove squalls of sleet and rain before it along the streets. In the garret the children's breath froze upon the rags that barely covered them. His mother sat by the empty grate with her arms about her knees, as if to gather some warmth by folding herself into as small a space as possible. John Fleming was mad with drink—mad and strong. He took her by the shoulders and pushed her out upon the staircase.

"I've told you this ar'n't any place for you," he cried; "I've warned you a thousand times, and now I'll make you go. You old fool, that wouldn't take anything from Lady Drummond. I'll not be burdened with you any more. Turn out of my house, and go wherever you like."

"Not to-night, my boy, not to-night!" she implored; "wait till the morning."

"I'll not wait another moment," he swore; "what did you come here for? I never asked you. Why didn't you stop where folks knew you, and 'ud take care of you? Turn out of this."

He pushed away her hand, which grasped the door-post, and slammed the door in her face, turning the lock noisily. She could hear the children wake up and cry, and knew that their father was beating them. But she dared not interfere. She sat down on the top step, and covering her face with her hands, felt as if now, at last, her cup of bitterness was full.

The staircase was not much colder than the garret, though the street-door was open, and people came and went all night; she could hear them in the darkness, but they could not see her. Some of them were passing the night on the stairs, seeking a free shelter from the bitter blast of the east wind. She heard language so awful that her poor old soul was filled with shame and anguish. There were deeper depths than she had yet fathomed; and, oh! was Ally ever to come to this? Would it ever be that her lips could utter such things as these poor wretched girls were talking in the darkness!

"Oh, my dears," she cried out, in a sorrowful voice, "don't you know that God is hearkening to you?"

There was silence for a moment or two, and then a girl's voice answered—"Mother, we won't talk so no more." Soon she heard that they were sleeping, leaning uneasily against one another, and waking up from time to time. A sort of stupor came over the old woman. It seemed that all this could not be real, but must be some frightful night vision, from which she would awake by-and-bye. Presently the day-dawn would break, and these shadows flee away.

Towards morning her brain

grew clearer. It seemed to her the wisest course would be to go away for a time and let John know nothing about her. If there was a spark of love left in his heart it would be fanned by his anxiety to learn what had become of her. But where to go? She had not a penny, and she could spare nothing that she could pawn. A little shawl was pinned round her shoulders, and an old black bonnet was on her head; for she had long ago found that white muslin caps cost too much for her to wear them always. Still, penniless as she was, she must go; and by-and-bye she must come back again—perhaps to-morrow, when John might be full of grief and repentance.

Besides Lady Drummond she knew nobody in London, except Mrs. Christie. Yes, there was Mrs. Christie; and surely she would take pity on her and give her a shelter for a day or two. It would only be for a day or two. She did not know very well where Mrs. Christie lived, but you can find anybody by making inquiries. It was somewhere at the other end of London. She would go straight on, and by-and-bye begin to ask for Lonsdale Road.

In the cold dawn of a February day, with the east wind biting and buffeting her, the homeless old woman started off on her sad pilgrimage through the streets of London. The sun broke through the morning fog and shone brilliantly, but there was little or no warmth in its beams. The pavements, almost deserted at first, grew busy as the hours passed by, but no one took heed of the old country-woman threading her way through the crowd.

By-and-bye the feeling of stupor came back, and she sat down now and then on door-steps from sheer fatigue. There was a singing and humming in her head; and she fancied at times that she could hear the birds whistling about the hedgerows at home. She hardly knew where she was. Sometimes when she lifted up her heavy, downcast head, she saw the endless rows of shop-windows, and the ceaseless rush of passers-by hurrying along as if every one was racing after some great prize.

There was a blear-eyed, hoarse-voiced, broken-down man somewhere, who called her mother, and turned her out of doors at night into the cruel cold. But that man could not be her dear child.

She forgot whither she was going; the name even of Mrs. Christie slipped out of her mind. To and fro in the labyrinth of strange streets she wandered, sitting down when she could stand no longer; but trying in vain to fix her mind upon any one thought. Once or twice she half laughed aloud, and said to herself her wits were woolgathering. Still the buzzing and throbbing in her head made her partly deaf to the noises about her; and the hours went on, and the twilight came, and after that the night, with its gaudy gas-lights, and yet the old country-woman was wandering—her mind now, as well as her weary feet.

She sank down at last on a door-step, opposite a great glare of light, unable to move on farther. It seemed a familiar spot to her, the first she had seen all day; and a feeling of satisfaction stole over her. Perhaps there was somebody in there among the brightness who would know her, and take care of her, for she could take care of herself no longer. There was no power in her to stir a hand or lift a foot. She was benumbed to the very heart. Was this death that was coming? She did not feel afraid.

It was too common a thing for women to crouch down on the door-steps near the Gibraltar Arms for Joanna to be noticed much.

Men and women passed by without heeding her, until the hour came for closing. Amongst those who were turned out last was John Fleming. A lodger in the same house was behind him, and as he stumbled past the doorway where his mother lay, this man called sharply after him—

"Hillo! Fleming!" he cried, "here's your lost mother. Dead! froze to death! Feel her, man. stiff and stark! and her eyes are fixed, looking at that cursed place. Ay! poor old woman, she's dead! And she was a decent mother to you, Fleming."

WHO ARE THE STUNDISTS?

BY THE REV. HENRY SMITH.

Those who for the last twenty years have proclaimed that at length Russia was yielding to the humanizing influences of a purer Christian faith, must have been more than surprised to read the terrible accounts of persecution in Russia. We are not referring to the hounding and harrying of the Russian Hebrews, but to the ruthless assaults made upon men and women of whose morality and goodness even their enemies have no doubt. A writer in The Contemporary Review on "The Tsar Persecutor," quotes eight or ten paragraphs from the leading and most bigoted Orthodox and clerical Russian papers, testifying to the high-toned morality of the Stundists. The explanation of this persecution, commenced by the priests of the Russian Church, and now taken up and carried on by the civil authorities, is not to be found so much in the fact that the Stundists are not members of the Church of the empire, but that they are members of a brotherhood who are united to each other by a vital bond, the nature and blessedness of which the materialists of the superstitious Russian Church cannot understand.

In the eyes of the Russian Government, this union on the part of the peasantry is an unpardonable sin. And according to the testimony of those who best understand the matter, Church and State alike hate the Stundist movement, because they regard it as not only unorthodox, but as anarchic also. Church and State alike seem resolved to wield every weapon at their disposal to crush the movement. Hundreds of families have been broken up. Labourers are refused work. If three persons dare to meet together to read their Bibles and pray aloud, a civil officer is authorized to arrest them, and, if found guilty, they are at once sent to the Siberian mines. Some fare worse than this, if possible.

It is well to bear in mind that though, as a special correspondent to The Methodist Times told us a few months ago, the Stundists are Russian Methodists, the term is used to indicate other Protestant Churches. There are Protestant Armenians, German Baptists, and "Old Believers," many of whom are called by the same name. There are others who do not profess to be Christians, but who are supposed to be in league with Nihilists. This may to some extent explain the awful cruelties to which some have been exposed. Generally speaking, however, the term Stundist is applied to the re-

ligious body that sprang up amongst some German colonists in Southern Russia about thirty years ago. Stundist is from the German Stunden, or hours, and stands for the hours of their meeting for religious purposes. The pious Germans invited the Russian agricultural labourers to join them in the Stunden. They joined, and soon found their hearts burning within them with love to God and their fellow-men, and, as in the great Methodist revival the Class-meeting Societies grew up, so was it with the Russian Stundists. So rapidly did they multiply that towards the close of 1879 no fewer than 50,000 persons had joined their ranks, and to-day it is likely the number is nearly 150,000.

As far as can be found, although their theological creed has not yet been formulated with precision, they believe in General Redemption, Repentance, and Faith, Justification, Sanctification, and the Witness of the Spirit. Their polity and ordinances are in many respects like those of the Methodists. The significant pen and ink sketches of the early Stundist preachers read very much like the lives of some of the early Methodist preachers. The conversion of the shepherd lad, Piotr Vorol, and his subsequent useful career; that of Osip Starotchok, whose experience in the Crimea sobered and toned his wildness, and his subsequent pilgrimage of five hundred miles to Kieff, the Russian Jerusalem, in order to find rest, and then his purchasing a New Testament and his reading the words, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," thrilling him with amazement, love, and praise, are very touching. And when at last old Osip opens his house for a preaching service or prayer-meeting, we say at once, This is the Methodist order of things. It would be easy to fill all the pages of this Magazine with sketches of their lives and labours. I will give but one:

"You wish to know (said an honest-hearted Stundist) why I had to leave my house and my farm and crops up in the Kieff Government and settle here in the south? I will tell you. Where I lived I had many friends, and we who loved the Lord Jesus Christ used to meet in Felix's little house for worship. We did this for years. The priest did not mind us at first; but when his church began to empty and our little room filled, he commenced working hard against us. Five years ago—that was shortly after I joined the Stundists—my little Vanza was born—such a beautiful white boy! Maria here says he was the image of me, only nicer, but she says this only when she wishes to please me.

"Well, we did not go to the priest to have him baptized, because as these priests perform this blessed sacrament, it is idolatry.

"Notwithstanding this, Vanza got on finely, and was just beginning to read, when he sickened, and the Lord called him home. There now, Maria, you need not take on like that. It is seven months ago, and our child is in glory long ago, and is singing praises with his angel voice; and besides we have still Vera and Petrushka left, thank God! I went to the priest to have him buried, but as the boy had not been baptized in the church, he would neither bury him himself, nor suffer him to be buried in the churchyard by us. Then I went to the police, and visited one authority after another, to intercede with the priest, but they would not. Three days passed, and as it was very hot we had to put the dear child in a box down in the cellar, where it was cool.

"All this time the priest was stir-

ring up the people against me, and I was afraid to leave home; as it was I was beaten twice. But we had kept little Vanza too long, and one night Grigori came, and we went into the little garden behind the house. He held a lantern while I dug the hole under some tall sunflowers. I brought the box with Vanza in it, then I opened my New Testament; Maria here was on one side and Grigori held the lantern on the other, and I read some Scripture over my poor son whom the Lord had taken. What did I read, think you? I read, 'We faint not; but though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for the moment, worketh for us a far more exceedingly eternal weight of glory' (Russian version). I also read, 'We have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Then we buried the box in the garden and went home. I was soon told I had so offended the priest that I must leave the place within seven days. I had to sell everything at a ruinous loss. I, with my wife and two little ones, had to leave the province of Kieff. They have since taken away my passport. I am now unable to obtain any work, as no one will have anything to do with a man whose passport is taken from him. I have still a warm fur coat, but everything else nearly is gone. That is all I can tell you now why I had to leave my friends and home."

Bitter as is the intolerance experienced by some village Methodists in England, it is kindness itself as compared with that which our fellow Stundist Methodists experience in Russia.

Like the old mystics and the Society of Friends they make much of the Inward Light—not that they ignore the Outward Light of the Scriptures. They have taken the New Testament as their guide. "Intercession of saints, prayers for the dead, image worship, fasting, oaths, the ecclesiastical hierarchy, etc., were weighed and found wanting, and discarded without hesitation. Few of them have any real hold on the people. In a word, there is a philosophical breadth in the new movement which is calculated to astonish all who know its low-born disciples.

"It is an indisputable fact that the only large body of peasants in all Russia who contrive to have excellent harvests in spite of frost, blight, and drought, who are never in arrear with their taxes, have no debts and no encumbrances on their land, and dwell in huts as trim and tidy as English cottages, are the Stundists. The only body of men whose word is a bond, whose russet Yeas and kersey Nays outweigh a score of Orthodox oaths, whose hearts vibrate to the most delicate thrills of pity for their fellows, and sympathy with all creation, are the Stundists. And yet these are the people whom State and Church combine to wipe off the face of the earth."

The crusade which is being carried on to-day against these people is almost incredible in its severity. The police are empowered to drive them into the churches to listen in silence to a sermon which is against their religious beliefs. All families of Stundists are ruthlessly broken up; children are torn from fathers and mothers and handed over to strangers. Any Stundist who is found reading the Bible to another may be arrested, and if any one dare to teach or preach, he is arrested and banished to the mines in Siberia; but vain is the attempt to suppress men and women whose hearts have been so blessed-

ly touched with Divine power. We mourn as we hear of the ravages of the Russian famine. If, however, the attention of Christian Churches is arrested so as to notice and practically sympathize with the down-trodden Stundists, at least one very useful end will be answered.—Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

ARMINIAN THEOLOGY.*

This work is a monument of profound learning and devout piety. It sets forth the theology of the Reformed Church, so in harmony with that of Arminius and Wesley, as opposed to that of St. Augustine and Calvin. The point of view of the writer may be seen from the following statement: "The evangelical Christianity of the nineteenth century is distinguished by the extraordinary force with which the Holy Spirit has been fastening the eyes of the Church and the world upon Jesus Christ. . . The Reformation did not propose to break the bondage of Romanism in order to replace it by a Calvinistic yoke."

The wonderful liberalizing of the Presbyterian theology is seen in the following extracts from the Introduction by the late lamented Dr. Schaff: "What do we know about decrees passed millions of years ago in the hidden depths of eternity? . . . We do know the historical manifestation of God in Christ. We do know the God of the Gospels and of the epistles. And the God whom Christ has revealed to the world is a God of saving love. He is a Sovereign indeed; but Divine sovereignty out of Christ is a terror to a poor sinner. It belongs to the Old Testament rather than the New. There is no greater word in the whole Bible than the sentence: "God is love," and the other which is like unto it: "God so loved the world," that is, all mankind, "that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." Shall we substitute for this: "God is a *Sovereign?*" "God loved the *elect*, and the elect only?" Paul teaches that God "willeth that all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of truth." (1 Tim. ii. 4.) Shall we change *all* into *some?* And shall we in like manner pervert the plain meaning and destroy the force of the passage, where we are assured that God is not "wishing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Peter iii. 9.) John says as distinctly as words can make it: "And he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the whole world." (1 John ii. 2.) Shall we deliberately strike out the *not* and the last clause, to conform it to the doctrine of a limited atonement? "*Amicus Augustinus, amicus Calvinus, sed magis amici veritas.*"

God's love is universal in its aim and intent, and abundant in its provision for the salvation of every human soul made in the image of God and redeemed by the blood of Christ. If any one is lost, he is lost by his own unbelief, not by an eternal decree of reprobation or an act of preterition, or any lack of intention or provision on the part of God.

The idea of the love of God to all men, and the consequent duty of the Church to offer the Gospel salvation sincerely to every creature, has taken hold of the Church of this age with irresistible force as never before. This idea has kindled all the philanthropic movements and all missionary operations at home and abroad, and carries them on with increasing energy and success.

The theology of the future will be a theology of love, broad as God's love and impartial as God's justice. . Such a theology will give new life to the Church, and prepare the way for the reunion of Christendom.

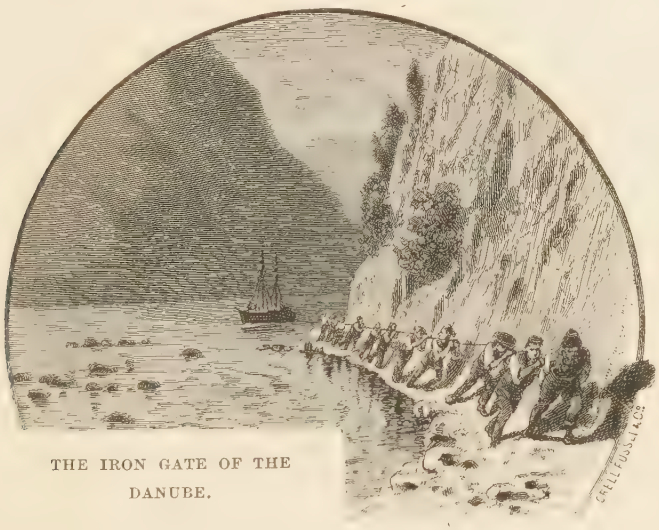
So much for Dr. Schaff. The Christocentric spirit of this book is shown in the following extract from St. Augustine, with which the book is prefaced: "Fecisti nos ad te, et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te." "Thou madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it finds rest in Thee."

* "Institutes of the Christian Religion." By Emanuel V. Gerhart, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic and Practical Theology in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa. With an Introduction by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., late Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. xxvii-754; pp. xxvi-938. Price, $3.00 each.

The World's Progress.

The Opening of the Iron Gate.

The great engineering work of removing the obstruction in the Danube known as the Iron Gate, between Alt-Osova, in Hungary, and Gladova, in Servia, has been finally accomplished, and on September 7th the river was opened to navigation with elaborate ceremonies by the Emperor Francis Joseph. His Majesty was accompanied by King Carl, of Roumania, and King Alexander, of Servia. A large number of diplomats, ministers of state, and distinguished men, were present. Included in the programme was a procession of steamers through the Iron Gate, which afforded proof of how successfully the work of removing the obstacles to navigation had been accomplished.



THE IRON GATE OF THE DANUBE.

The Danube is, next to the Volga, the most important river in Europe. It has a length of 1,700 miles; it and its tributaries drain a valley having an area of over 300,000 square miles. Many nations live along its banks and those of the rivers which flow into it, and nearly thirty dialects are spoken from its source to its mouth. The valley of the Danube comprises the most important portion of Eastern Europe. It runs through the battle-ground of civilization and savagery. Here the Romans contended with the Scythians and the Huns; here the Greek empire strove to maintain its supremacy over the hordes of savage tribes which came down from the steppes of Russia; here, after the empire of the East faded away, Charlemagne contended with savage tribes of semi-Asiatics; here all Europe fought the Turks, for generation after generation, until by a great battle fought under the walls of Vienna, the flood of the Mohammedan invasion was rolled back towards Asia.

Orsova lies on the Danube at the mouth of the Klissura, in the most considerable river-formed defile in Europe. This defile afforded a narrow passage, not only to the waters of the Danube, but also to the armies making their way from east to west, or *vice versa*. The Emperor Trajan completed the road begun by Tiberius on the right bank of the stream.

The history of Orsova can be followed for more than two thousand years. Roman tiles marked with the number of the legion, statues, sarcophagi, traces of a temple, and numerous coins have been found in the vicinity.

From the island of Ada-Kaleh we overlook the famous and dreaded Iron Gate. The foaming and surging waters for ages poured with terrific swiftness

TRAJAN'S TABLET.

over the reefs. When the water was low so many blocks projected above the surface that a bold leaper might almost succeed in making his way dry-shod from one bank to the other. The passage of the stream at this point was, of course, attended with many dangers, there being but a very narrow channel through the dangerous reefs. When the water was very low, steamers of even the lightest draught could not pass. This, of course, is now at an end. The free navigation of the Danube will give a great impulse to the trade and civilization of south-eastern Europe.

The Kazan Pass, shut in on both sides by steep banks, affords an imposing prospect. In many places the Danube is here compressed to a width of less than 800 feet, but on the other hand it attains in places a depth of 400 feet. In the Kazan Pass we find ourselves on classic soil. The remains of the grand highway built by Trajan are still visible, and an inscription carved in the rock preserves for all time the memory of the powerful emperor, the conqueror of Dacia.

The Babakai Rock rising in the midst of the river marks the place where the Cataracts of the Danube begin. In connection with Babakai there are several legends telling of deeds more cruel even than the desperate combats which have taken place here.

The Czar's Visit.

The visit of the youngest sovereign of Europe to the oldest was not without its picturesque incidents and romantic associations. The arrival of the Czar and Czarina by night at the royal residence of Balmoral, and the drive through the avenue of spruces amid the flare of torches borne by kilted Highlanders, marching to the wild strains of the bagpipes, is a picture worthy of a Rembrandt. The young Czar seems to be not much of a Nimrod; he preferred conversation with the ladies of the royal household to stalking deer amid the rain and mist.

The family visit to the Danish court at Copenhagen, and the sojourn of twelve days at Balmoral are an offset to the three days *fête* at Paris. Already the more courteous tone of the Russian press and the frank commendation of a Russian alliance by Sir William Harcourt are a better augury for the peace of Europe

THE BABAKAI ROCK.

and of the restraint of the Sultan than all the fireworks and bunting of Champs Elysees. The meeting of the British and French fleets in mid-channel, the combined salvos of their great guns, and their joint escort of the Czar of all the Russias to Cherbourg, would make a fine subject for a painting or a poem. It was, let us hope, a pledge that the guns of these great nations should never be turned upon each other.

Great Britain and the Slave Trade.

The deposition of the Sultan of Zanzibar will give Great Britain an opportunity of suppressing the slave trade which has still lingered in that island. Heretofore, notwithstanding the watchfulness of British gun-boats and best efforts of British officials, Arab dhows continued to smuggle the hopeless victims of the coffle and the slave gang to Persian ports. The world will expect that with a freer hand which Great Britain can now wield, the nefarious traffic in the bodies and souls of men will be suppressed.

Joseph Cook has declared one of the most important needs of the times to be the complete abolition of this trade:

"You say that we have abolished it. Not we. Great Britain has put forth herculean efforts to abolish the slave-trade, and is yet engaged in that majestic business. Between Africa and Persia the slave-trade is vigorous yet. In the Indian Ocean slave-traders are constantly watched by British men-of-war. America ought to help in that chase. She is too penurious to do so. Commerce holds her back. Why should she attend to this matter?

"Great Britain is really carrying out her anti-slavery principles better than we are. She has at this time many men engaged in suppressing the slave-trade. She has called on us for assistance, and some other nations are helping her; but, in spite of our general agreement in our present opinion about maritime rights, and our pride in having abolished slavery, we are yet behind the British Empire in this matter.

"The time will come when Christianity will demand that we should put an end to the slave-trade on the land. David Livingstone wished to have this policy adopted even in his time. The horrors of the internal slave-trade in Africa are at this moment unspeakable. 'It is,' said Livingstone, 'the open sore of the world.' Along the slave-trails that lead to the eastern and northern ports of Africa, murders and other atrocities occur so frequently that it is no exaggeration, but literal fact, to say that the trails are

KAZAN PASS, ON THE DANUBE.

blood-stained. They are marked by the bones of thousands who have fallen on them. The slaves who are shipped off in Moorish and Arab vessels from the coasts of Africa are far more numerous than you dream ; and yet America sits here in her Bostons, her New Yorks, her Chicagos, and thinks herself enlightened and advanced and philanthropic, while Great Britain, mighty as she is, finds herself unable to repress this trade."

The Assassin of the Bosphorus.

Affairs on the Bosphorus seem to be going from bad to worse. The imperial tyrant is filling up the cup of his iniquity. The brutal massacre of his Armenian subjects cries to heaven for vengeance. The waters of the Golden Horn, it is said, are so choked with the victims of his tyranny that French divers refuse to prosecute their sub-aqueous work. Even the fanatical Softas are denouncing the homicidal maniac in the Yildiz Kiosk. The unpaid soldiers, sated with slaughter, can scarcely refrain from mutiny. The Empire is honeycombed with fraud. It cannot last much longer, and the sooner it goes to pieces the better for civilization.

Wanted—A Board of Conciliation.

A recent strike of the telegraph operators on the Canadian Pacific Railway reveals a danger that underlies our modern civilization. The interruption of traffic on this great national highway is a national disaster. If an armed force from the United States were to perpetrate such an outrage it would be considered a *casus belli*. The practical results are not much different when the head centre of telegraph operators in an American city issues a command that paralyzes the electric nerves by which a transcontinental system vibrates with intelligence.

Strikes are at best a clumsy kind of warfare. To the loss of money through the interruption of traffic at the busiest season of the year must be added the suffering of cattle and the inconvenience of travellers. The longer the strike lasts the more it embitters the relations between employers and the employed. There ought to be some way of preventing this kind of civil war, for such it is. There should be, we think, a court of conciliation or arbitration quite independent of the Government, composed of, say, two judges, two college presidents like Dr. Burwash and Dr. Grant, and such a man as Sandford Fleming, who should arbitrate on all points of controversy, which might otherwise issue in a strike. Even if they had no power of enforcing their judgments, their decision would have immense weight with the public, who are always the final court of appeal in such matters.

The Lion Roused.

Mr. Gladstone's Liverpool speech has rung like a trumpet peal through the land. It has aroused England as perhaps has no other speech of his life. The spectacle of the grand old veteran, in his eighty-seventh year, impeaching with burning words the great assassin of the Bosphorus, is something to stir the heart of every man in the Empire. It seems to mark a strange apathy to this great question in the United States that the only paper to cable this speech was a religious weekly, the New York *Independent;* the other New York papers, which would have cabled columns of report of an international boxing match, had only a few paragraphs. The heart of England has been stirred to its core. Churchmen and Nonconformists alike rise in denunciation of the atrocities, tenfold worse than those of Bulgaria twenty years ago. One of the most noteworthy expressions of sympathy with the Armenians was that in the City Road chapel. Drs. Randles, Rigg, Jenkins, Beet, Stephenson, Waller, and the Revs. C. H. Kelly, Hugh Price Hughes, Percy W. Bunting, Esq., and Judge Waddy, joined in denunciation of the bloodthirsty tyrant who out-Neroed Nero, and demanded that England should rouse herself, with the concert of Europe, or without it, for the deliverance of the remnant of the persecuted Armenians.

Dear Lord, I'm very tired,
O, let me rest in Thee ;
Thou knowest I am weak, dear Lord,
O, be Thou strength for me.

Dear Lord, the way is long,
But Thou my guide wilt be ;
I can't help getting tired, dear Lord,
But there is rest with Thee.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

Current Thought.

The Church's Harvest Time.

Just as there is a special harvest time in nature so also is there in religion. The prudent pastor will not select the hot and crowded weeks of midsummer, whose work engrosses the time and strength of his people, for a special and protracted religious service. But when months of comparative leisure have come, when long evenings and good sleighing facilitate travel, and the bracing atmosphere invigorates both body and mind —this season offers special advantages for evangelistic work. The wise pastor will plan for a regular campaign, he will lay his plans, he will consult with his officials and working membership and secure their hearty co-operation. If the ministers of the town or village can arrange for a combined effort of all the churches, all the better. The concentration of Christian sympathy and prayer and labour will be more productive of good results than sporadic and individual effort. Above all, that Divine help, without which nothing is wise or good or strong or holy, will be surely given; God's servants will unite in blessed toil for the Master, and shall rejoice before Him with the joy of the harvest; then shall the prayer be fulfilled, "Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee."

Civic Reform.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the remarkable progress of civic reform in several cities of the United States, as inaugurated by Dr. Parkhurst and ably seconded by faithful followers. The rule of Tammany has been practically broken. The strange and almost incredible spectacle has been witnessed of a Sunday when not a saloon in the saloon-ridden city of New York dared open its doors for the sale of liquor. An unexpected strength of Christian sentiment was developed. Tammany, it is true, has reared its head again. The snake is scotched but not killed. That kind of viper is hard to exterminate. But Christian men have taken heart of grace and are encouraged to fight it out on that line, if it takes ten years.

It has too long been thought that politics, civic politics especially, were too foul a field for fastidious Christian men. There never was a greater treason to righteousness. It is their duty, like stalwart soldiers, to take part in the hurlyburly, to assert their rights and discharge their duties as Christian citizens. Dr. Parkhurst earned no end of criticism for his bold challenge of vice. Even Chicago, where many suppose that Satan's seat is, the good Quaker City of brotherly love, and Boston, the City of the Puritans, also felt the influence of this reform movement.

It is possible to achieve still more signal victories. No cities in the world exhibit such moral self-government as some of the largest in England,—Birmingham, Glasgow, and above all the world's metropolis, London. The blessed Sabbath lays its hand upon the brow of care. The pulses of business almost cease to throb. Nearly every store and office is closed. The smoke of the factories no longer blackens the sky. The loom and spindle cease their whirr. The theatres are closed and the churches are open. The Sabbath bell calls multitudes to the place of prayer. No papers are published or sold in the streets. No busy postman goes his round, and in the greatest mart on earth the great Post Office is hermetically sealed.

One deep, dark, damning blot, however, mars this picture. Though nominally closed during hours of worship, in the afternoon, and especially at night, the drink-shops ply their nefarious trade, their garish light blazing more brilliantly by contrast with the surrounding gloom.

Our good city of Toronto has won many victories for Sabbath observance in the restraint of the drink traffic and in civic reform. It has not, however, reached perfection. Every earnest Christian, every zealous Leaguer throughout our land should unite to make our towns and cities, beginning at Montreal and Toronto, copies of that New Jerusalem in which "There shall in no wise enter anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie."

Dr. Schoot, the German hydrographer, says that there are not less than 20,000 tons of mineral matter per day added to the store which the ocean already holds in solution.

Recent Science.

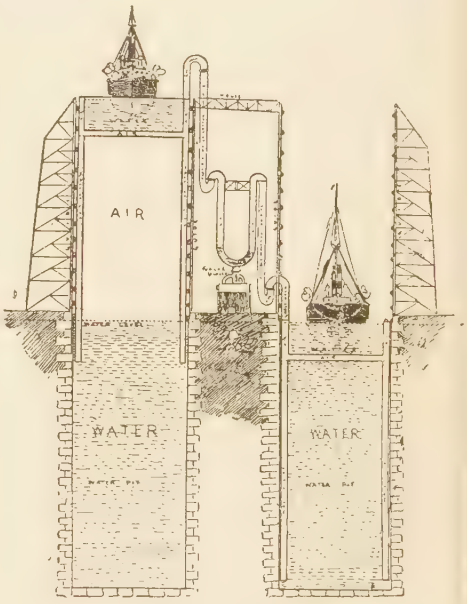
Canal Locks for Ocean Steamers.

It was at one time supposed that the railroads would be able to carry freight so much cheaper and quicker that the canals would gradually become useless, and only the heaviest and most unimportant class of goods would be sent from place to place over the all-water inland routes. One of the reasons for this was that the canals had not advanced in any way since they were first built—that is, the mechanism of locks had not been improved, and no other methods had been devised by which canal traffic might be made speedier. But about six years ago an American engineer, Mr. Chauncey N. Dutton, invented a lock which many experts think will probably revolutionize canal traffic, and make it possible to build a waterway from New York to the Great Lakes, following the line of the Hudson, and using Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence and Niagara Rivers.

The lock invented by Mr. Dutton is founded upon the use of compressed air, and although at first it looks complicated it is said by mechanics and engineers to be a very simple affair. The lock is called a pneumatic balance lock. It is made up of two sections, each of which may very well be compared to an elevator. These elevators are in reality huge tanks, each about 510 feet long, 65 wide, and capable of holding 26 feet of water. These tanks are placed in other steel tanks which correspond to the shafts of an elevator, and these shafts are placed alongside of one another. Of course the shafts of these great elevators are sunk as deeply into the earth as it is necessary to raise a ship into the air, or up to the higher level of the canal. The sunken portions of the shafts are filled with water, and the tanks, or elevators, are arranged so that they work up and down like balanced scales—that is, when one is at the higher level the other is at the lower level. Compressed air does all the work. By looking at the diagram this may be more clearly made apparent.

The two tanks are connected by a great pipe twenty-one feet in diameter. Where it connects immediately with the locks this pipe is flexible and moves up and down with the tanks, and looks very much like a huge elephant's trunk. Through it the compressed air shifts, at the will of the operator, from one shaft to the other.

Supposing one of the tanks is at the highest point of one of the shafts, the other will be at the lowest level of the other shaft. The upper tank is supported by compressed air resting on a body of water which fills the lower portion of the shaft—that is the part sunken down into the earth. All that it is necessary to do now in order to bring the upper tank or elevator down to the level of the lower tank is to open a valve, and allow the



SECTION OF LOCKS.

compressed air to run out of one shaft into the other, which it will do at a velocity twenty-eight times that of water. The weight of the descending tank, of course, is the power which forces the air through the pipe from one shaft into the other, and as soon as the two tanks reach the balancing-point they will stop. In order to get the elevator down to the bottom level, therefore, it is necessary to allow water to run into that compartment which needs to be made the heavier and to allow water to run out of the other.

The operation requires perhaps fifteen

minutes, and no more time is necessary for ships of equal tonnage going in the other direction, since a much greater weight of water can be run into the upper tank from the higher level of the canal than could be counterbalanced by any kind of steamship that would need to be lifted from the lower level.

A company has been organized to build a canal from the Atlantic to the great lakes, and it is the intention to use Mr. Dutton's locks along the way; not more than two or three will be necessary. But as it will cost about one hundred million dollars to carry out the enterprise, it may be some years before they will be able actually to begin work.

The Fluoroscope.

Mr. Edison, the great American inventor, has been working at the "new photography" with a view of finding a

THE FLUOROSCOPE.

substance which would yield a plentiful supply of the famous "X" rays, which produce the mysterious photographs of the living skeleton and hidden objects of metallic or mineral matter. Rontgen himself observed that these invisible "X" rays were produced in the glass of the Crooke's tube, where the electric discharge fell upon it, and several experimenters have since found that various materials become phosphorescent or fluorescent in the rays, and hence that a photograph is not necessary to render them visible. In fact a piece of cardboard coated with such a material and exposed to the rays enables one to *see* the Rontgen shadows of the skeleton or some other hidden object. Barium platino-cyanide was considered the best material for the purpose, until Edison found that tungstate of calcium is several times better. He has therefore devised what he calls a "fluoroscope," by which a surgeon can inspect, as it were, the bones of his patients. Our illustration shows this apparatus and its mode of action, where F is the fluoroscope attached to the eyes of the observer. It is not unlike an ordinary stereoscope in shape, but is very light, and the bottom consists of a cardboard coated inside with crystals of the tungstate of calcium. The box B contains a Crooke's tube, which is excited by an electric induction coil I; and the apparatus P is a Sprengel mercury air-pump for exhausting the tube to the right degree of rarefaction. The "X" rays are understood to be issuing from the Crooke's tube inside the box, and passing through the hand laid upon it to the fluoroscope, in which they excite phosphorescence of the tungstate coating, and thus enable the observer to see them. As they are shaded by the bones in the hand, the observer can thus, in a manner, look at the bones or, at all events, their shadows. In actual practice the air-pump would be disconnected from the box and its tube, so that the essential apparatus would comprise the induction coil, the box and the fluoroscope proper. Physicians and surgeons have felt the want of a compact and portable apparatus for making their examinations by the Rontgen rays, and Mr. Edison has now provided them with one. It is the neatest and most practicable arrangement that has come to our knowledge.

Science Notes.

The bones of all flying birds are hollow and are filled with air, thus combining the greatest strength with the greatest possible lightness.

It has been estimated that electric railways have already displaced 1,100,000 car horses. This is probably less than the actual number.

A tobacco journal states that the falling off in the demand for cigars will amount to 70,000,000 cigars, and this loss is generally credited to cycling.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Note this outline of Bishop Taylor's life: A Virginian mountaineer by birth; born of good parents among the common people; sensitive to sin from childhood; converted when a boy; a preacher in boyhood to the rough mountain folk; then a trial evangelist in Georgetown, Washington, and Baltimore; sent by Bishop Waugh to California; for seven years a street and camp and wharf preacher to the roughest and sinfulest men that ever lived; then for three years in the old states and Canada; finding his mission on his knees in the snow, alone in the Canadian woods; setting out for Great Britain, for Palestine, for Australia; teaching and preaching in the Australian towns and mining camps (where in a recent Conference census, more than forty of his converts were found in the harness); going thence to South Africa, where he conducted the most remarkable evangelizing work ever witnessed among men; making his way to Ceylon and India—planting in the latter country the seed which in the last twenty years has grown into so rich a harvest; journeying from city to city, at Bombay, at Allahabad, at Cawnpore, at Delhi, at Lucknow, at Calcutta; facing strange races of men and incongruous conditions of life; travelling four years among the Parsees, the Brahmans, and the Mohammedans; returning to Wales and England and the West Indies and South America—always preaching; establishing South American schools, and supplying them with working forces from the United States; getting a world view of humanity; elected missionary bishop for Africa; toiling for twelve years among the most benighted peoples of the world; establishing stations from Monrovia to Congo, from Congo to Angola, from Angola to Inhambane; laying down his office in loyal humility, and going back alone, at the age of seventy-six to the melange of races in South Africa, where he is now crying out for ten thousand souls for his harvest,—that is the work of William Taylor! Equal it, if you can, from the annals of the world!

In the summer of 1894 Bishop Taylor walked into the interior of Angola, a distance of over four hundred miles, visiting stations, making the acquaintance of native races, and forecasting such measures as seemed to promise success in the conversion of the blacks. It was from this mission that he returned to America and prepared "The Story of My Life." When I went to New York I found a venerable old man, in whom there was no guile. I found a man who for fifty-three years had been beating the wheat from the chaff with the flail of a single high purpose. I found a man who has traversed the world, in the manner of Paul and Barnabas, sowing the seeds of truth from Canada to New Zealand, from Valparaiso to Cawnpore, from Sacramento to Liberia! I found a man who has seen more of the earth's surface (and much more of its wretchedness and sin) than any other traveller in the world, with the possible exception of Humboldt and Bayard Taylor.

William Taylor has absolutely but one iron in the fire; on that he beats incessantly. His forge knows one purpose, and that is the salvation of the world. That is his cause, and he has no other. Whoever approaches him with complexity of purposes will find a man who cannot even understand him! The bishop's mind pursues a single line, and along that line his stretched purposes are so rigid that you cannot deflect him one inch from his course. You cannot even bend him.

William Taylor has been a gospel sower. He regards himself literally as God's man. In the dedication to the "Story of My Life," he tells how he introduced into California the first seeds of the eucalyp-

tus. The seed grew, and now the groves of eucalyptus are the most prominent feature in the Californian landscape. But, says the caviller, "you did not cultivate the groves with your own hand? The bishop answers: "No; I can't do the work of a million of men."

On the morning of the 17th of June, 1896, I went with some friends in company with an old man to the South Wharf, Brooklyn. There lay a "tramp" steamer, bound for Cape Town. The old man whom we lovingly took on board was the only passenger. We found for him his little room, with its one small window looking out to sea. He was happy. His venerable wife and son parted from him, and went ashore. He looked for all the world like one of the apostles come back to earth. Then the steamer puffed out of the bay, and the old man was gone to his destiny. It was William Taylor, Bishop for Africa. Perhaps the world has seen his equal; we will consider that question when he is dead.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.*

BY THE REV. E. I. BADGLEY, LL.D.

If clearness of statement, brevity of sentences, and enthusiastic love of the subject make a strong and readable book, then this is entitled to a decidedly favourable verdict. It is written in a style that justifies its claim to a large and appreciative audience. It is a vigorous and popular statement of some great historical facts, and of yet greater principles, of civil and ecclesiastical organization and government.

Government is by the people and for the people. The spirit of democracy characterized the Israelites in the days of their greatest prosperity. It is emphasized in the New Testament. It presided over the organization of the Christian Church during the earlier periods of its history. Papal and Episcopal authority as ordinarily regarded, the divine right of kings, and all kindred forms of thought and government, are unnatural and abnormal. The spirit of the age is persistently set against their unfounded pretensions.

"The law of progress seems advancing our race to a universal democracy. . . . But if the State be a democracy, can the Church remain an autocracy or an oligarchy? . . . Universal democracy in the State can only be harmonized with universal democracy in the Church. . . . The will of the people is the sovereignty of democracy."

The struggle of the democratic principle to assert itself is presented to us through a variety of historical names and crucial periods. On the one hand there is a persistent tendency to centralization of authority, and, on the other, an equally persistent effort to resist it. Let the Pope purge himself from superstition, recede from his claim to supremacy and infallibility, and walk, not in his own human light, but only by the illumination of the oracles of his God! If his sovereign people elect, he may still sit on his pontifical throne and retain the magnificence of St. Peter's.

But even then, infallibility and absolute authority are not the inseparable accompaniments of his high office. To the people belongs an authority that can never be wholly given to another. It is a sacred trust committed to their eternal vigilance.

The great names in the history of the Church are brought more or less under review to show their attitude upon this great question, and to illustrate the growth or decay of sovereignty by the people.

Of the general spirit and trend of the volume we can speak in terms of praise. It teaches us history. It inspires to action. It emphasizes personality in a way that is decidedly helpful and thoroughly in sympathy with the democratic tendencies of the present age. The pen portraits are admirably drawn, and the errors and absurd claims of the Church of Rome are touched with an unsparing hand.

Victoria University, Toronto.

* "The Christian Democracy. A History of its Suppression and Revival." By John McDowell Leavitt, D.D., LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

EPIGRAPHY.*

The study of Greek and Latin epigraphy is one to which comparative little attention has been given in our colleges and universities, yet it is one of great importance. The epigraphs and epitaphs of antiquity give much information upon the history, the social and domestic relations, the religious beliefs, the trades and occupations of the people. Indeed, they throw important side-lights upon their daily life such as we do not get from books. Few things are more common in the museums of Europe, and on the monuments of the past, than epigraphic inscriptions, which are often difficult to decipher without some previous training.

The volume under review is the first we have seen which treats in a systematic and adequate manner this department of classical learning. Thirty years ago, however, the Rev. Dr. McCaul, President of Toronto University, gave lectures in epigraphy, and published a very admirable book on that subject. Dr. McCaul was one of the most learned epigraphists living. When European scholars came across a particularly hard nut they used to send it out to him to crack. Some of his readings of scarce legible inscriptions were more like divination than the result of reasoning.

The difficulties of this work are very great. The inscriptions are frequently the work of rude and illiterate sculptors. The spelling is often incorrect, the grammar atrocious. They are sometimes Greek written in Latin characters, or Latin written in Greek characters. Sometimes they are a mingling of the two, sometimes they are what is neither the one nor the other. In the later inscriptions the language was undergoing a change into modern Italian or some cognate language. The inscriptions abound in contractions and elisions. The words are frequently run together without any separation or punctuation. Some epitaphs are actually written backwards like the oriental tongues. The difficulties over which such scholars as McCaul, Mommsen, Orelli, Muratori, and other great epigraphists have triumphed were very great. The present writer—the humble disciple of these great scholars—has sometimes spent hours over a single inscription, and has translated many hundreds which never before appeared in English. There is a fascination in this task that "grows by that it feeds upon."

In the old library of Toronto University, destroyed by fire, there was the best collection of books on epigraphy on this continent, and we have compared it with most of the great libraries north of Mexico. Dr. Egbert's volume gives first an introduction on the bibliography of this subject, then a series of chapters on the development of the Latin alphabet, and its different forms and their epigraphic use. It then treats the use of proper names, with their prænomen, nomen and cognomen; the names of women, of slaves and of freedmen. One is struck with the limited number of proper names, which makes the art of deciphering more easy. The names and titles of the Emperors, and the official titles of members of the senatorial, equestrian and inferior orders are amply discussed. Then follows a chapter on dedicatory, sepulchral and honorary inscriptions, and one on ancient documents, imperial rescripts, decrees of the senate and magistrates, military and private documents, "grafiti" or wall scribblings and the like, determination of dates, restoration of epigraphs, table of archaisms and abbreviations—the latter a most valuable table.

It is curious to notice that the common Cockney habit of misplacing the "h" was common—as ortus for hortus and ortulanus for hortulanus. Certain titles of honour appear in contracted form like our "Esq.," as V. H. for VIR HONESTUS, an honourable man; C. L. for CLARISMUS, an illustrious man; B. M. for BENE MERENTI, to the well-deserving, and the like. Epitaphs were often very vague as to the length of life, which was said to be so many years P. M., PLUS MINUS, more or less. The duration of married life, however, was often very minutely stated, even to the number of months, days, hours, and even in some cases of scruples. A scruple was just five minutes; they were very *scrupulous* about it. We give a couple of examples of the manner in which the words in inscrip-

* "Introduction to the Study of Latin Inscriptions." By James C. Egbert, Jun., Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of Latin, Columbia College. American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. 468. Price, $3.50.

tions are run together, making it at first very difficult to decipher.

CALEVIVSBENDIDITAVINTRISOMVV
BIPOSITIERANTVINIETCALVIL
IVSETLVCIVSINPA.

"Calevius sold to Avinius a place for three bodies, where both Cavilius and Lucius had (already) been placed in peace."

ΤΡΙΑΚΟΝΤΑΠΕΝΤΑΕΤΗCΕΝΘΑΔΕΚΙΤΕΥ
ΠΑΤΙΑ
ΘΥΓΑΤΗΡΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΥΚΩCΤΑΝΤΙΝΟΠΟΛΙ
ΤΙCCΑ.

"Here lies Hypatia, thirty-five years of age, daughter of Antonius, a native of Constantinople."

The originals are more difficult to decipher, but with a little practice it becomes comparatively easy. Sometimes the letters are of greatly varying sizes, as in the following:

LocvSAvgvSTileCToRis.

"The place of Augustus, the Reader."

"What insight into the familiar feelings and thoughts of the primitive ages of the Church," remarks the learned and eloquent Dean Stanley, "can be compared with that afforded by the Roman Catacombs? Hardly noticed by Gibbon or Mosheim, they yet give us a likeness of these early times beyond that derived from any of the written authorities on which Gibbon and Mosheim repose. He who is thoroughly steeped in the imagery of the Catacombs will be nearer to the thought of the early Church than he who has learned by heart the most elaborate treatise even of Tertullian or of Origen."

Book Notices.

Recent Researches in Bible Lands. Edited by Herman H. Hilprecht. Philadelphia: John D. Wattles & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

The best commentator on the Bible has been found to be the spade. The tels and mounds and ruined cities of Egypt, Babylonia, Syria and Asia Minor, have given striking corroboration of the truth of the Holy Scripture. The record of recent researches and explorations are scattered through numerous costly books. It was a happy thought of the publishers of this volume to secure from the chief expert authorities in modern exploration a concise account of the results achieved. Our own Professor McCurdy, of the Toronto University, heads the list with a comprehensive chapter on the general subject of Oriental research and the Bible. Dr. Bliss gives an interesting description of his exploration of the ruins of Lachish and other ancient mounds in Palestine. Professor Hilprecht records the result of his own digging in Babylonia. We have strange glimpses of the daily life of four thousand years ago. We have even a plan of an estate in Babylonia and a clay tablet letter from an official in a small town asking his father to send him fresh fish to eat. Professor Sayce and Professor Homel describe the result of recent researches in Egypt and Arabia, Dr. W. H. Ward has a comprehensive study of those obscure people, the Hittites, Professor Mahaffy gives us glimpses of ancient Egyptian life as revealed in early Greek manuscript, and Professor Ramsay, who has made such a special study of the life and work of St. Paul, an admirable chapter on New Light on the Book of Acts. This book has numerous illustrations and is admirably printed and indexed.

History, Prophecy and the Monuments; or, Israel and the Nations. By James Frederick McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D. Vol. II., to the Fall of Nineveh. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 433. 8vo. Price, $3.00.

We greet with pleasure the second volume of Dr. McCurdy's great work as one of the most scholarly contributions to higher literature by any Canadian writer. The first volume, now in its third edition, has been received with great favour by the press; the work will be completed in another volume.

The dedication of this book is a very touching tribute to a distinguished Canadian: "To the memory of a friend whose spirit is in some measure transfused into these pages, the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., minister of St. Andrew's church, Toronto; a hero, a prophet, and a saint of God, great as a lover and expounder of truth, greater as a lover and helper of men."

We have placed this book in the hands of a thoroughly competent reviewer for adequate treatment.

Few literary men are as well equipped for the work they have undertaken as is Professor Richard G. Moulton, of the University of Chicago, whose "Literary Study of the Bible" we have reviewed. He took his degree of A.B. from London University, and received A.M. from Cambridge University. In theological lines Professor Moulton is from a distinctively theological family. His father and grandfather were Wesleyan ministers,

and a great-grandfather a lay preacher. Uncles, brothers, cousins, and other relatives are preachers in the same Church. One brother is a leading mission worker in the island of Tonga, and is a great translator of the Bible and other literature into the Tongan tongue. Another brother, Dr. W. F. Moulton, head of the Leys School at Cambridge, England, is author of a history of the English Bible, and was one of the New Testament revisers, as well as translator of the well-known Winer's New Testament Grammar. With such training and ability it is not surprising that Professor Moulton has produced a volume of surpassing interest, which is attracting much attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

Robert Whitaker McAll, founder of the McAll Mission, Paris. A Fragment by himself; a Souvenir by his wife. With portraits, fac-similes and illustrations. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.

One of the most interesting features of the religious life of Paris is the McAll Missions. On the centenary of the fall of the Bastile, when the whole city was wild with excitement, and many thousands had gone to the great review at Longchamps, we visited one of the halls and found a good attendance of workmen in their blue blouses, taking part in the lively singing and listening to the evangelical exhortations.

These numerous mission halls were the outcome of the loving heart and wise head of a devout Scotch pastor. Mr. McAll was a son of the manse, and under wise parental training early developed genius for the study of botany and a love of art. He wrote and illustrated scores of little manuscript books on all sorts of subjects, the drawings of flowers and buildings being very clever for a boy of thirteen.

His youthful bent found scope in the study of architecture under Sir Gilbert Scott; in this he would have achieved success had he not become a Christian minister. But he was designed to be a wise master-builder in rearing the spiritual temple of God. He founded his mission at the close of the reign of terror of the Commune, going to Paris in 1891, and he felt that the Gospel was the great need of the disorganized society of that city. As he went among the savage, desperate men, "God loves you" were the simple words he uttered in his broken French. Thus began his great work, the story of which is told in this volume. It is one of fascinating interest, and is a record of Divine guidance and of remarkable success.

Cyrus W. Field: His Life and Work. Edited by Isabella Field Judson. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

Not long ago we visited Stockbridge, Mass., and stood by the graves of David Dudley Field and Submit Field, his wife, the father and mother of this distinguished man, and of his scarce less distinguished brothers—one of whom was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; another, at the age of over eighty years, is the editor of the *New York Evangelist;* and others have reached great eminence in Church and

State. There was also a daughter who went as missionary to Smyrna fifty years ago. The pious Puritan father, a minister for fifty years, never received more salary than $500 or $600 per year.

This volume is the filial tribute of a daughter's hand to the memory of a beloved father. It recounts the struggles of his early life in New York, whither he went as a raw boy, with eight dollars in his pocket, to make his way in the world. He entered the store of J. T. Stuart at the salary of one dollar a week. The story of his indomitable energy and his remarkable success ought to be an incentive to every intelligent boy.

He crossed the ocean thirty-seven times in pushing the enterprise of the Atlantic telegraph cable. It was a perfect iliad of disaster. The family lived on short commons for many a year, and would often exclaim "Oh, if that cable were only at the bottom of the ocean," to which the zealous projector would reply: "Just where I wish it to be."

The story is here told with much detail, with sidelights on the domestic relations of the Field family. Great was the joy in the little home at Stockbridge when the news flashed beneath the seas that the continents were wedded, and the pious Puritan hearts gave devout thanks to God for this triumph of civilization.

Of such importance do we consider this book that we have placed it in competent hands as the subject of a special article on the laying of our telegraph cable.

The Islands of the Pacific, From the Old to the New. By Rev. James M. Alexander. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 503. Price, $2.00.

A remarkable improvement may be observed in books on missions. To their sterling value, giving much instructive and inspiring information, have been added a distinct literary quality and high-class illustrations and elegance of printing and binding. One of the handsomest and most interesting of these recent issues is the one under review.

Its purpose is to give a comprehensive *resumé* of all the missions of the Pacific. It takes up in turn the different groups of islands and traces in a picturesque manner the origin and development of Christian missions therein. This is emphatically a tale of the heroic age, of a nobler chivalry than that of arms, of the victories of the cross, more blessed than those of the sword. A chapter to make one's cheek mantle with shame is that on the uncivilizing influences from civilized countries. We give a single example:

"A captain of a small vessel would sometimes get clearance-papers from Sydney for trading in copra and trepang, and then cruise to kidnap the natives who would come off in canoes with supplies. Sometimes he would assume the guise of a missionary. Painting his vessel white, that it might resemble the mission packets, he would approach an island with a white flag flying, and on arriving at port go ashore dressed like a respectable gentleman, wearing spectacles, carrying an umbrella over his head and a Bible under his arm. As the natives joyfully flocked to meet him, he would invite them aboard his ship and into his cabin, and then suddenly seize and manacle them, and put his vessel to sea amid the cries of their relatives and friends in the surrounding canoes. An outrage of this kind occasioned the death of Bishop Patteson of the Melanesian mission."

The story of these

> "Summer isles of Eden lying
> In dark purple spheres of sea"

proves that the fairest environment procures no exemption from the reign of vice and crime.

> "There every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

At Tahiti a chief confessed with tears of vain remorse that he had been the father of nineteen children and had murdered them all; and a chieftainess was sadly troubled in the hour of her death by the remembrance of having put to death her sixteen children. Another woman had buried alive all of her thirteen children. It is probable that a third of the population was thus put to death in infancy. A boy rescued from his living grave became afterwards the most popular preacher in Hawaii.

The splendid stone schools, churches and public buildings at Honolulu show the marvellous transformation wrought by the Gospel. One of the churches, costing $125,000, with a membership of 460, was built and dedicated without debt. A boarding-school for higher education had an endowment of $500,000. The entire cost of evangelizing the islands was less than $1,000,000. The commerce of the islands is now over $20,000,000 a year. At Honolulu the tourist will find electric lights, electric cars, the telegraph and telephone, and over twenty steam-

ships plying to the neighbouring islands and to Asia and America.

The numerous full-page pictures exhibit with fidelity the magnificent scenery and foliage, the bronze-like figures and bright faces of the natives, to remarkable contrast between the Old and the New.

The Creed and the Prayer. By J. Wesley Johnston, D.D. Introduction by William V. Kelly, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo, pp. 284. Price, $1.20.

The subjects treated in this volume, it is needless to say, are the most important in the entire range of religious thought. "The Creed" is the Apostles' Creed, and the prayer is that which our Lord Himself taught His disciples. Though the former of these did not, probably, come down to us in form from the days of the apostles, it certainly did in substance. It contains nothing that the Church from its earliest infancy did not most confidently believe; and it contains all that the founders of the Church held to be essential for the members of that body of which Christ is the Head to receive and believe. Whether the Creed took the precise form in which it has come down to us in the third or in the fourth century, it is, and must ever remain, after the New Testament, the most venerable and authoritative symbol of the Christian faith.

The Lord's Prayer brings us even nearer to the heart of our holy religion. As it comes to us from the heart of the Divine Father through His immaculate Son, it is designed to lead us up in thought and in faith to the fountain from which it emanated through the mediation of the Divine Intercessor. It is the answer of Jesus to the petition of the Apostles, "Lord, teach us to pray!" and it contains an epitome of all prayer. It covers the entire field of our wants, and leads us to the Divine Source from whence all our wants may be supplied. It teaches us not only what we are to pray for, but how we are to pray for it, the spirit, the disposition with which we are to come to the mercy-seat in order to be successful.

No pastor can better serve the interests of his people than by expounding both the Creed and the Prayer at large to his congregation. No better material can be found for the Sabbath morning discourses than that which these supply. The interesting and instructive volume under review is made up of a series of discourses of this kind delivered by the author in the regular course of his ministry. They are soundly scriptural and Methodistic in their teachings, vigorous and transparent in style, and devout in spirit; it was a happy thought to put them in permanent form; and their circulation cannot fail to do good.

W. S. B.

Better Things for Sons of God. By Geo. T. Lemmon. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 184. Price, 75c.

This is a volume of five sermons, founded upon the passage in Hebrews (which the preacher persistently credits to St. Paul): "God having provided some better things for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." The first three discourses tell us what the "better things" are: the vision of Jesus Christ as compared with the visions granted to Old Testament seers and saints; the baptism of the Holy Ghost as contrasted with the baptisms of fire recorded of the olden dispensation; and the temple of the human body, made better and more glorious than the temple of Solomon, by reason of the Divine indwelling through the Spirit.

In the fourth sermon we are instructed as to the way in which we are to make those perfect who have preceded us: "We are to bring to perfection the labours of the dead, and when we have passed beyond our children shall perform a like labour for us." Three directions in which this obligation may be met are pointed out: (1) "Nature waits to be perfected by the skilful labour of the offspring of Adam." (2) "Man waits to be perfected through his redemption from barbarism by a brotherhood that shall repeat for the good of all the race the sacrifices offered by God's sons in the past." (3) "The kingdoms of the world wait to be perfected by becoming the kingdoms of God and of His Christ."

The last sermon of the series treats of the equipment of the sons of God,—this equipment is secured by emptying ourselves of evil and being filled with the Spirit.

Our author's treatment of his theme is orthodox, evangelical, and sometimes fresh and suggestive. His use of illustrations is generally appropriate. The style is wearisomely rhetorical. One grows tired of sentences like the following: "Visions of centuries photograph their wonders upon our sensitized brain. History, that marvellous phonograph of the millenniums past, unrolls its waxen scroll, and the voices of those who sleep

after arousing the world speak to the sons of to-day. . . . Enoch so keeps step with the majestic strides of Jehovah that the magnetism of the throne overcomes the attraction of the footstool, and the patriarch ascends the empyrean of the universe to the abode of the Deity." This is a laboured way of saying that Enoch walked with God, and was not for God took him. The volume is dedicated to George D. Herron and John G. Woolley, "the twin Baptists who herald the political coming of the King."

S. P. R.

Maria Mitchell: Life, Letters and Journals. Compiled by PHEBE MITCHELL KENDALL. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

Maria Mitchell had the honour, as a girl in her twenties, of winning the gold medal offered by the King of Denmark for the discovery of the comet of 1848. She was the only woman ever admitted as a member of the Academy of Arts and Science, and the only one ever admitted to the Papal observatory at Rome. The story of her life, therefore, is of surpassing interest. She was born on the rocky island of Nantucket, where her Quaker ancestors had been banished by the persecution of the Puritans. Here she studied mathematics and astronomy under her father.

The first hymn she learned in childhood, and often repeated, was "The Spacious Firmament on High." She had a passion for sweeping the sky with a telescope on her father's roof. On the evening of October 1st, 1847, she slipped away from a party of invited guests for that purpose, and thus first discovered the comet, which was observed two days later at Rome, and a week later in England and Germany.

The story of the way in which the piano was smuggled into the austere Quaker home is very amusing.

In two visits to Europe the clever woman astronomer received distinguished honours from the world of science. She visited the observatories of Greenwich, Paris, London, and Pulkova, in Russia, and met the greatest scientists of the age. She became Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, and conducted scientific parties on several occasions for the observation of the solar eclipses. The book gives a reflex of her busy and happy life. It is embellished with portraits and an engraving of her marble bust.

A Harmony of the Life of St. Paul, According to the Acts of the Apostles and the Pauline Epistles. By REV. FRANK J. GOODWIN. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

During the coming year the life of St. Paul will be studied throughout Christendom as it has never been studied before. It is the subject in large part of the International Lessons for the year. Already helps to the study of that noble life are being published. One of the most valuable of these is the one above mentioned.

The principle of the harmony is to print in parallel columns the passages from the Acts and from the Epistles of St. Paul, which throw light on one another. Sometimes there are four of these columns, sometimes three or two. It is very instructive to note the undesigned coincidences and the side-lights thus thrown upon the life of the great apostle. The author gives brief notes and comments connecting the different passages. This book is an admirable help to the inductive study of the Book of Acts and the Epistles. There are excellent maps of St. Paul's three missionary journeys, numerous appendices and indexes which enhance the value of this volume. We heartily commend it.

A. L. O. E. A Lady of England. The Life and Letters of Charlotte Maria Tucker. By AGNES GIBERNE. 8vo. Pp. 518. Gilt top. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.75.

Thousands of readers will remember the pleasure derived from some one or other of the eighty books bearing the mysterious initials A. L. O. E. This handsome volume tells a tale of nobler heroism than any that she wrote—the life she lived. Of a wealthy family, her early years were spent in West-end luxury. In her eighteenth year she began to write tragedy and comedy, but she soon found nobler theme in writing religious stories and allegories which for forty years flowed in a stream from her pen. Blow after blow of bereavement fell, refining and mellowing her nature. At the age of fifty-three, though frail in health, she felt a divine call to go as missionary to India. For eighteen years she laboured at her own charge in a very fastness of Mohammedanism and heathenism. Zenana visiting, teaching the children and writing filled up her busy days. At last the

veil of the body was rent and the soul gazed on the beatific vision of the Lord she loved. In these pages she being dead yet speaketh.

All the profits of the book are devoted to the mission cause that she served so well. The Notman portrait which prefaces the volume was taken in Toronto in 1875, during her visit to her nephew in this country. Of such unique interest is this volume that we shall place it in competent hands for a special article.

Nature and Christ: a Revelation of the Unseen. Ocean Grove Summer School of Theology. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo, pp. 184.

Dr. Beet is too well known as a commentator on certain books of the Holy Scriptures, and as a writer on religious subjects, to need any special introduction to the readers of this MAGAZINE AND REVIEW. It is not easy to recall the name of any living writer in the wide domain of Methodism who has rendered more signal service to the cause of Christian truth than Dr. Beet has done. It is only necessary to say of this book, that in it the learned author appears at his very best. It is made up of a series of lectures delivered at the Ocean Grove Summer School of Theology; and both the managers of the school and the lecturer are to be congratulated. This, it is understood, is intended to be the initial volume in a series to be published by this institution; and it is safe to say, if the other books of the series bear any comparison with this in point of excellence it will be a great success.

The lectures are eight in number and the mere mention of the titles of them is sufficient to indicate the extent and importance of the field that they cover. The first deals with "Religion and Theology"; the second with "The Universal Revelation in Nature"; the third with "The Historical Revelation in Christ"; the fourth with "The Gospel of Pardon"; the fifth with "The Superhuman Claims of Christ"; the sixth with "The Supernatural Attestations"; the seventh with "The Inward Attestation"; and the eighth with "Results Attained —Their Relation to the Bible, to the Church, and to the Christian Life."

The student of contemporary religious literature will readily perceive that this comprehensive programme made it necessary to treat in passing most of the most vital of the religious and theological questions of the day. It only needs to be added that whatever is touched, even incidentally, is touched with a master hand. To young ministers and theological students it may be especially commended, while it is worthy of being carefully read by all Christian people.

W. S. B.

The Inspiration of History. By JAMES MULCHAHEY, D.D. 12mo, cloth binding, $1.00. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Toronto: William Briggs.

Its title indicates pointedly the purpose of this book; which is to put the inspiration of the Bible in its true historical light, and to test the questions relating to it, which have been raised in modern criticism, by reference to the principles of historic certitude. The first chapter is a discriminating description of the question of historical certainty in general, and brings out explicitly the tests by which the truth of history is demonstrated. In the following chapters these tests are skilfully applied for determination of the historical truth of divine revelation. The book is intended for general reading, and is a contribution of positive value and stimulation to Christian thought and belief.

The Better Way. By REV. B. CARRADINE, D.D., author of "Sanctification." Cloth, 6mo. Pp. 193. Price, 75 cents. Cincinnati: M. W. Knapp. Toronto: William Briggs.

Of this book we have no hesitation in saying that it is well adapted to accomplish its purpose. The plan is unique. It is not a systematic discussion of the theology of holiness, nor the advocating of any special theory, but the setting forward of "The Better Way" by the comparison or contrast of Scriptures, *e.g.*, "The Better Redemption" is illustrated by placing Jno. iii. 16. alongside Eph. v. 25-27 (R. V.) He sees here two distinct redemptions. In the first the Saviour speaks of a redemption of sinners from perishing, and in the second the Church is sanctified and made without blemish. The contrasts of these passages are dwelt on most suggestively. Take another example, "The Better Prayer." Luke xxiii. 34, is contrasted with Jno. xvii. 17, the first was for the pardon of his murderers, the second for the sanctification of his disciples. To give one more illustration of this ingenious application of Scripture, Rom. v. 1 is compared with Phil. iv. 7. "Peace with God" is contrasted with

"the peace of God" to show a "Better Experience" than a mere sense of pardon.

The author's idea is that since men practise the rule of securing the best in the physical realm, so they should act in spiritual things. He rightly contends that no one should be satisfied with a lesser grace when a superior blessing is possible. His aim is to show from repeated Bible statements that there is a "Better Way," and thereby to help to the enjoyment of the best that God has for man. On "How to Enter the Better Way" he gives Moses' way, Paul's way, the Saviour's way, and the Methodist Church way; then in the good old fashion calls for testimonies, gives "Some Witnesses in Wesley's Ways," "Some Witnesses in our Time," and "How I Entered." This book is designed for the common people, and will prove a help to all who read it. A. M. P.

Books for Bible Students. Edited by the Rev. Arthur E. Gregory: "Scripture and its Witnesses." By Professor S. J. Banks. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Wesleyan Conference Office, London, is issuing an admirable series of books which will be of great value, not only to the large class of ministers and local preachers, but to Sunday-school teachers and thoughtful Bible readers everywhere. The witness of Scripture to itself is cited from prophecy, from the life of our Lord, from history, from miracles, from the resurrection of Jesus, and most potent of all, the witness of personal experience.

Inspired Through Suffering. By Rev. David O. Mears, D.D., author of "Oberlin Lectures." Cloth, 16mo. Pp. 163. Price, 75 cents. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

This volume is an essay to indicate the value of courage in the hard paths of life. Sorrow is not limited by the author to the death chamber, and comfort is not treated as mere sentiment. "An ounce of comfort is worth tons of pity," and should be administered in the battle of life rather than after the fight is finished is his line of thought. Other principles, that are worked out are: "Strength needs the testing time to declare it." "The immortal spirit of man was never made to fret itself away under adversity." "That life only is worth living that is lived for others." "We learn to teach." "We get wisdom to give." "We find paths to show to others." Such pithy sentences, characteristic of the book, are used to inspire the bereaved, troubled, and struggling. The writer's aim is to encourage that large number who are passing through the sad experiences of life, and to show how these sufferings truly become teachers. Just as Christ, who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," was made "perfect through sufferings," so our troubles are designed to make us larger and stronger. This book has a mission which, in the Master's name, it will accomplish. A. M. P.

The Divine Parable of History, a Concise Exposition of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. By H. Arthur Smith, M.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Book of Revelation is one of the most important yet one of the most difficult portions of Holy Scripture. Its prophecies seem to us like the instructions we used to get in threading the little-known parts of Canada many years ago—very difficult to follow, yet plain enough after once being over the route; so the prophetic parts of this book seem to us not to give us a key to the future, but to be a perpetual testimony of the divine inspiration of the Word of God after events shall have taken place. So many varying and false interpretations of the book have been set forth, that it is only with modesty that one can venture to speak on this subject. Our author gives his own interpretation, the comments on the historical part striking us as an exceedingly judicious interpretation. Of the prophetic part we cannot speak so confidently. The fall of Babylon we think is judiciously shown to refer to the destruction of pagan Rome, instead of, as is sometimes assumed, to papal Rome.

Saxenhurst: A Story of the Old World and the New. By Daniel C. Eddy, D.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

The civilization and institutions of the New World find their roots in the Old. It is well to trace these back to their origin and learn the indebtedness of the present to the past. In the form of an historical tale Dr. Eddy recounts in this volume the great moral movement of which English Puritanism and its Ameri-

can counterpart are the outcome. A tender human interest is given to this narrative by interweaving therewith the fortunes of an English household, who for conscience' sake crossed the sea and helped to build up a New England, based on the same principles of righteousness and justice as the Puritan commonwealth they left behind. Among the historical characters who live again in its pages are John Milton, Oliver Cromwell, Sir Harry Vane and King Charles I. Special prominence is given to the heroic figure of Roger Williams, who had to fight again on the soil of the New World the battle of soul-freedom, and founded the city of Providence as a home of broadest civil and religious liberty. Much important historical information will be gathered from this interesting book.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

One of the missionaries in China writes: "Now that peace is assured, China must enter on an era of reform and prosperity, and our Christian college ought to be prepared to do its share. Already a dozen or more governmental graduates have been in to inspect our educational work since the examinations, making inquiry about either coming, or sending their sons."

From India a missionary writes: "The reports from all the Conferences show a steady and encouraging increase in all lines. The movement in North India continues with the same fervour, the most marked advance being in the new districts occupied by the Northwest India Conference.

A Chinese layman has become a most zealous labourer in the mission field. He supports himself. In less than two years ten places have been opened, and prosperous societies have been formed. As he travels along the road, or stops at the inn, he preaches Christ as the only Saviour. His example has been contagious.

The *Tennessee Methodist* pleads that the old landmarks be not removed in these words: "The might of Methodism is not in numbers and wealth and high social caste, not in machinery and officialism, not in pulpit scholarship and pew culture, but simply and chiefly in Holy Spirit power, in the pentecostal baptism of fire reproduced in the joyous hearts and consistent lives of its adherents. Then only will its theology of repentance and free grace and undying love be sin-conquering and world-conquering."

The Fall Conferences are now being held. One day in September nine held their opening sessions, and during the said month forty-seven were appointed to be held.

Primitive Methodist Conference.

It has been decided to employ twenty-four young men as hired local preachers to assist the ministers in the poorer rural circuits, and a special fund is being raised to defray the cost.

In connection with a corner-stone laying ceremony at Crewe, the venerable Thomas Bateman, who is ninety-seven years of age, the oldest living Methodist local preacher, conducted the service and preached a most powerful and impressive sermon to a crowded congregation.

At the Clapton Mission, London, during the year, 11,500 free breakfasts were provided for poor children, and its medical mission assisted 12,000 cases.

Practical steps for the unification of Methodism are being taken in South Australia, Victoria and Tasmania. A basis of union has been agreed upon by representatives of the Wesleyan, Primitive Methodist, United Methodist Free Churches, and the Bible Christian Churches. It is hoped that the union will be consummated in 1897.

Another mission van, being the third that is employed, has been dedicated to travel in the rural districts of England for the sale of sound religious literature. Two evangelists travel with the van, and they hold open air services at the places which they visit. Sometimes they remain a few days at a place. It is anticipated that this mode of procedure will be the means of accomplishing much good.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Centenary Fund now amounts to $352,100.

The Anglican Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Perowne, is a man of very liberal sentiments, and has always been disposed to be friendly with Nonconformists. Recently he invited several neighbouring ministers to spend an afternoon at Hartlebury Castle. There were Wesleyan, New Connexion, Free Church, Congregational and Baptist ministers present. A pleasant afternoon was spent in looking through the castle and the grounds. After supper a service was held in which one minister in each of the above denominations took part. The Bishop closed with a most fraternal address.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. W. Swindells, D.D., an esteemed minister of M. E. Church, died at Ocean Grove, September 9th. He was editor of the Philadelphia *Methodist*, and Superintendent of the Book-Room and Tract Depository in that city. He was only fifty-five years of age, and was a most active member of the last General Conference. He had filled several of the more important offices in Methodism.

Rev. Colin Campbell M'Kechnie, of the Primitive Methodist Church, England, departed this life, September 6th. He was one of the best known ministers in his Church, in which he had laboured more than half a century. The present writer knew him well, and esteemed him highly. He was one of the founders of the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*, of which he was editor forty years.

Rev. John M. Collins, superannuated, of the Methodist Church, died September 8th, at the ripe age of 82. He was in the ministry more than fifty years, first in the late M. E. Church, and in the Methodist Church since the union. He was an earnest, faithful and successful minister of the Lord Jesus.

Rev. Alexander Wright died September 3rd, just one week and a day after his beloved wife had passed on before. He was nearly eighty when the messenger summoned him to his eternal home. In early life he was converted in the late M. E. Church.

Rev. John Chapple was another aged veteran of the Methodist Church who has recently finished his course. The end came September 16th, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was a man of deep piety. He was useful in the best sense of the word, and turned many to righteousness. He was converted in the Bible Christian Church, and from 1851 until the union he was in the ministry of that Church.

Items.

There are said to be over 30,000 Protestant Kafir members of the Wesleyan missions in South Africa, and they are all professed abstainers from intoxicating liquors.

Roman Catholicism has been planted in Fiji fifty years and yet only has 7,000 adherents. In New South Wales it does not keep pace with the population. In Victoria, while the Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Methodists have erected 600 new buildings, those of the Catholics show a decrease of forty-eight.

An attempt is about to be made by a joint committee of Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Congregational and Baptist missionaries to reach the Chinese *literati* by means of a Christian daily newspaper printed in Chinese. It is thought many of these would read a newspaper who would not on any consideration attend a Christian service.

Samson Leletha, of New Guinea, is supported by a Sunday-school in New Zealand. In one of his letters to his supporters he says, "In some of the villages the people are becoming earnest in religion, they are beginning to see its value to them. We want more helpers from Fiji, Samoa, and Tonga ; hundreds of towns have no teachers."

This is the eighty-second anniversary of the commencement of the beneficent labours of the Wesleyan missionaries in Ceylon. Without any disparagement of the labours of other Christian bodies, it can safely be claimed for the Wesleyan missions that they have been one of the principal agents in the hands of God for scattering broadcast the seeds of truth in the hard and barren soil of heathenism.

A love-feast was held in Fiji. Thirty spoke, including the king, the queen, and ladies of rank, as well as commoners. A man named Samson had been a notorious sinner, and said to a teacher who was pleading with him, "Here is my skull : when it is broken to pieces, then you may prevail upon me ;" but that same man was soon after converted. A blind man said, "I have been blind since I was ten days old ; I cannot see the colours of the beautiful flowers of which I hear you talk, but my soul has eyes, and by-and-bye I shall see God, and Christ my Redeemer,

and the glory of heaven ; and there also, I shall see some of you."

The increase of Protestant Christians in China every year is about 5,000, and the present number is above 70,000.

After four years' labour the North African mission of the Baptist Church has received its first convert in Egypt.

India has now about nine hundred foreign missionaries at work, and the China Inland Mission has over six hundred missionaries in the field.

Mr. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, says : "Methodism is now the greatest, the most widely diffused and the most vigorous of all the Protestant Churches to-day."

Missionaries on the foreign field bring in three times as many converts every year as all the missionaries here at home, aided by Christian influence, workers and literature.

The Uganda mission of Central Africa is less than twenty years old, and in its earlier years passed through hottest fires of persecution. Last year the number of converts received was 2,921.

Ireland has about 4,000,000 Catholics and 1,200,000 Protestants. Catholics are most numerous in the county of Cork, while Protestants have the ascendency in the county of Antrim. A little over seventy-six per cent. of the population are Catholics, twelve per cent. belong to the Church of England, and nine per cent. are affiliated with the Presbyterians.

The *Methodist Times* sees the advantage of adapting the Wesleyan ecclesiastical machinery to the bicycle riding habit. It says : "In consequence of the itinerancy, we have frequently been described as 'a Church on wheels.' This is now likely to be true in a quite unexpected sense. We have already learned from various rural correspondents that the bicycle is an untold gain to the country minister who has many villages to visit. It completely alters the conditions of pastoral life in country circuits, and enables our brethren to do easily and joyfully what has often in the past been an almost impossible, as well as most laborious, physical task. We strongly urge ministers, local preachers and mission workers to avail themselves to the utmost of the new opportunity which the bicycle gives them to evangelize villages and distant places hitherto reached with so much difficulty and at so great an expense."

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., has recently introduced an innovation at Christ Church, London. After the collection, which is made before the sermon, he receives the boxes from the collectors, and standing before the communion table prays, asking God to accept and bless the gifts of his people. One Sunday morning he related an interesting incident in connection with this. A few days before he received a letter containing a postal order for five shillings, and saying that the writer had put twopence into the collection, but that, when Mr. Meyer prayed, he felt ashamed of his gift, and was constrained to send something more adequate to his income.

Pomare, the South Sea Island Queen, died at the age of seventy years. At her birth the first missionaries were just landing ; at her death three hundred of the South Sea Islands had become Christianized. It is not yet seventy-five years since the first convert was gained in Polynesia. Now the converts number 750,000. A band of 160 young men and women, from Tahiti and the neighbouring islands, are going forth as evangelists to other benighted tribes. Of all these native workers not one, it is said, has ever proved recreant or faithless. Yet these are the cannibals of less than a century ago who had lost all idea of any God save that of some strange, tyrannical despot.

Once when Rev. John Williams was explaining to the people of Raiatea how English Christians raised money to send the Gospel to the heathen, the natives expressed regret at not having money to use in the same good work. He replied : "If you have no money, you have something that takes the place of money ; something to buy money with ;" he then referred to the pigs that he had brought to the island on his first visit, which now every family possessed, and suggested that every family should set apart a pig for causing the Word of God to grow, and when the ships came, sell the pigs for money. The natives eagerly followed the suggestion, and the next morning the squealing of pigs which were receiving the "mark of the Lord" in their ears was everywhere heard. On Mr. Williams' return to the island, the native treasurer put into his hands $5.15, the product of these sales. It was the first money they had ever possessed, but every farthing was given to the cause of Christ.—*Missionary Review.*